N BULL, JULY 27, 1929
WOPENCE

JOHN BULL

OVER A MILLION SALE

No. 1206.
Vol. XLVI.

Jack Hylton does it!

Think of Bands—and you think of Jack Hylton and his British boys—who are now making a tour of the Provinces and the principal West End halls before paying a return visit to France, Germany, Italy, Czecho Slovakia, Hungary and Austria, where they recently scored sensational success.

England's Melody Master conducts Blindfold Test and chooses Sarony

Jack Hylton—who has smoked Saronys since February, 1925—had little difficulty in choosing his regular brand of cigarettes blindfolded, for exactly the same reason as he chose them with his eyes open more than four years ago.

"I'm not in the least bit surprised that I chose Sarony—even blindfolded. I started smoking Saronys at the beginning of 1925. I liked their particular smoothness and flavour. And, to my mind, it's just as easy to detect those qualities blindfolded as when one smokes in the usual way."

Jack Hylton

THE BLINDFOLD TEST.

Test No. 61.—25-6-29.

The blindfolded smoker tries five leading brands. Fresh coffee is at hand to be sipped between each cigarette to clear the taste. Only one question is asked: "Which did you enjoy most?" Sarony's famous *smoothness* and complete absence of harshness or bite is obtained by extraordinary care in tobacco leaf selection. A very careful blending of only picked leaves from a group of certain choice tobaccos gives Saronys their soothing, fragrant smoothness. So "You can tell the difference, even blindfolded."

10 for 6d
20 for 1/-

Sarony

Flat Fifties 2/6

YOU PICK OUT SARONYS FOR THEIR SMOOTHNESS

Issued by United Kingdom Tobacco Co. (1929) Ltd.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MAKE MORE MONEY.

Sell Tablecloths, Towels, Silk Stockings, Overalls, Men's Socks, Ties, etc. A 1,000 Bargains. The Oldest, Largest, Cheapest and Best Wholesale Firm. Write now for Catalogue B., Cochrane, Sons & Co., 2, Thomas St., Manchester.

DRAPERS.—Buy your supplies of Drapery, Linens, Bedding, Remnants, Men's Overalls, Hosiery, direct and save middle profits. Largest stocks in the Trade. List Free.—H. Clegg (Dept. B.), Turner St., Manchester. (Estab. 1910.)

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EARN £2 to £5 weekly. Run a bed-clothing Club amongst friends. No outlay. Partics. free. —Carlisle Mills Co., Dept. 11, Birstall, Leeds.

XMAS CLUBS.

AGENTS WANTED.

Chocolates and Jewellery. 10s. in £1 Commission, in spare time. No outlay. Particulars free.—Lavell's Popular Club, 131-135, Newington Causeway, London, S.E.1.

EARN £3 Weekly, plus Bonus.—Run Bed-clothing, Drapery and Fancy Clubs amongst Friends. No outlay. Illustrated catalogue free.—Grove Mills Co. (Dept. M.), Birstall, nr. Leeds.

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SPARE-TIME Agents req. Quick-selling lines, yielding enormous profits. No outlay. Samples free. Empress Mfg. Co., Church St., Blackpool.

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START A WINE AND SPIRIT CLUB. New and very profitable scheme.—Write Director, VIADUCT STORE, 226, Kirkstall Road, Leeds.

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£10 easily earned. Highest Cash Com. Rowntree's, Cadbury's, Fry's. SUPERBA Chocolate Clubs. East Laithe Gate, DONCASTER.

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AMBITIOUS MEN should join the POLICE. Expert Postal Tuition for Entrance Examination. Success guaranteed.—Write, Service Correspondence College, Thatcham, Newbury.

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CHEAP Printing.—1,000 Cards, Billheads or Handbills from 2/6. Other Cheap Printing. Samples free.—Pearson's, Church Rd., Portsmouth.

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WALLPAPERS direct from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns post free.—West Riding Wallpaper Co., 52, Trinity Street, Leeds.

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Men in regular employment appointed as Agents.

Largest stock in the trade. Liberal supply of samples. Highest Commission Paid. *Illustrated Coloured Catalogues.*

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SHAVERS!—"Pixie" Penny Blade. Sheffield-made, only wants trying. Gillette type. Dozen for 1s. P.O.—Dronfield Tool Co., Dept. B., Dronfield, Sheffield.

FURNITURE.—Three rooms nicely furnished for 25 guineas. Bedroom Suite, including Polished Walnut Dressing Chest, Drawers with Large Swinging Mirror, Marble-top Washstand, Full-size Massive Black and Brass Bedstead with Spring Mattress and all new Bedding complete. Heavy Black and Brass Fender and Brasses. Strong Parlour Suite in Leather, comprising Well-Sprung Couch, 2 Arm-chairs and 4 small Chairs, Polished Walnut Centre Table and Overmantel to match, Axminster Rug and Pretty Carpet 3 yards long, Curtains, Pictures, Kitchen Furniture, including extending Dining Table, Chairs, Lino, Rugs, Oxidised Curb, etc. The lot complete, accept 25 Guineas. Great Sacrifice. Would separate. Quite New. Easy Terms arranged. All goods packed and put on rail free and sent any distance. Home Furnishing Stores, 21 and 21a, Seaside Road, Eastbourne.

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KNIVES, Forks, Spoons. The World's best. Made in Sheffield, England, by British labour. All stainless.

Table Knives, 20/- dozen. Dessert 15/- dozen.
Table Forks, 10/- dozen. Dessert 8/- dozen.
Table Spoons 10s. dozen. Dessert 8/- dozen.
Tea Spoons 5/- doz. Half quantity half above prices, all carriage paid. Cash with order. Cash willingly refunded if not satisfied.—W. H. Randall, 90, Gravelly Hill, Birmingham.

5,000,000 FEET Bright New Building Timber. Good Quality. Per 100 ft.: P.T.G. Matching 4 in. x 4 in., 2/11; 3 in. x 6 in., 5/11. Quartering, 2 in. x 2 in., 5/11; 3 in. x 4 in., 11/9, f.o.r. Send for Lists.—Swedish Timber Co., Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), 100, Barking Road, East Ham, E.6.

SEND at once for free List of SELFRIDGE'S CYCLES. Mention *John Bull*. See page 26.

A GOOD GARDEN GUN is always handy for scaring birds, protecting seeds and shooting rabbits, etc. This week you have the opportunity of securing a high-class, folding model Garden Gun going at a bargain price. An advt. illustrating the gun appears in *John Bull*'s "Shop Window" (page opposite), where you will find also many other attractive bargains, all purchasable by post.

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BABY'S BETTER QUALITY LAYETTE 30/-, 75 Guaranteed garments. (No tapes, pins, or useless pieces.) Best variety of sensible home-made Gowns, Flannels, large Napkins, Wool Coats, Shawls, Vests, etc. All customers delighted. 1,000 genuine testimonials. Purchase from a mother, 15 years' experience. Call or send 2/- for parcel on appro. Cash or terms. Mrs. J. Howard, 86, Dover Road, Portsmouth.

BABY'S Beautiful Layette, 30/-. 90 Home-made pieces. Contains everything from Chris. Robes to Napkins. A purchaser writes: "You could not buy them here for £5 and never mind 30/-." Similar letters daily. Post 2/- now for this unequalled bargain on approval. Cash or instalments.—Mrs. D. Muneton, 97, Lake Rd., Portsmouth.

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TEA.—Buy direct. Save middlemen's profit. Indian and Ceylon blended. Empire blend, 4 lb. 5/-, 10 lb. 12/-. Standard blend, 4 lb. 6/-, 10 lb. 13/-. No. 1 dust, 7 lb. 5/-, 10 lb. 7/-. Special dust, 7 lb. 6/-, 10 lb. 8s. All carriage paid.—Poulter & Co., Dane Place, Bow, E.3.

TEA, Direct from Blenders to Household, at Wholesale Prices: 1/3, 1/4, 1/8, 2/- per lb. Carr. pd. on 4 lb. Tea Dust, 7 lb. 5/-, 10 lb. 7/-. —Portway Tea Co., 72, Portway, West Ham, E.

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SPECIAL OFFER. — Talking Parrots with Cages from 30/-. Singing Canaries, 17/-. 3 months' trial.—List fr. Chapmans, 17, Potterham Court Road, London.

A FREE booklet, valuable to dog-owners, is offered in the "SANTONIN" advt. on page 26.

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WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's positive and permanent cure. They cure most violent cases by gaining, destroying the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply or 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Ridgard Tablet Co., 34-36, Corner, Derby.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! Use Brooks' Automatic Appliance. New Discovery. Wonderful. No straps, pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on Trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (468D), 80, Chancery Lane, London.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING. Genuine remedy proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

NERVOUSNESS. A remarkable book on genuine cure of Self-consciousness, Blushing, Depression, Weak Nerves, Insomnia, Morbid Fears, etc., recommended by Editor of "Health & Strength." Sent privately for 3d. only. — Henry Rivers (J.B. 54), 40, Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C.1.

The free YADIL Booklet is offered on page 28. Mention *John Bull*.

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GOOD used Tyres from £1 each, C.O.D., approval. New Tyres for whip, payments. Inquire, stating size. London Car Co., 52, Theobalds Road, W.C.1.

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64-p. BOOK about Herbs and how to grow them, 2d. post free.—Trimnell's, The Herbal Store, 144, Richmond Rd., Cardiff. 50 years' exp. Advice free.

£3 for Holiday Snap.—Send postcard for particulars & reduced Price List for D. & P.—Whitefriars Photo Service, 36, Whitefriars St., E.C.4.

A FREE Trial Samples of SHREDDED WHEAT is offered on page 27.

FREE.—Send 3d. in stamps for large sample outfit of POUDRE TOKALON and CREME TOKALON. Address Dept. 8S, Falkon, Ltd., 212-214, Ct. Portland Street, London, W.1. See advt. on page 29.

Be Suited & Satisfied with your HOLIDAY SUIT PAY for it as you WEAR it

Each suit is Cut and Made to your OWN MEASUREMENTS. NO DEPOSIT. Delivered on payment of first instalment of 7/- and then pay 7/- monthly until you have paid in all **52/6**

Also Plus Four Suits from 88/6, and Dinner Jacket Suits 84/- to, and upwards, all made to measure on similar easy terms. Money refunded if unsatisfactory. Write or call for patterns, style Book and Self-Measurement Form to:—

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JOHN BULL'S Shop Window brings a Bargain Store to Your Door. These goods have been chosen for their outstanding quality and value. Study each offer carefully. Write your name and address clearly, send money and notes by registered post. Always mention JOHN BULL.

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GARDEN GUNS .410 BORE

FOLDING MODEL.
A very handy, light gun for small game. Ideal for garden, scaring birds, protecting seeds; rooks, rabbits, etc. Suitable for farmers.

PRICE **30/-** Carr. paid.

As powerful as a 12-bore gun. Strong and reliable action, simple and efficient folding device. Length 46 in. Weight about 3½ lb. Fires cheap ammunition. Fully guaranteed. List of other models on request.

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Half Cost of Material Alone. To advertise our 20-page Catalogue of over 200 Govt. bargains, we are making a special offer to readers of this paper of 2 guaranteed shirts for the advertising price of 4/9, post 6d. This is less than half the price that you could purchase the material alone.

In fancy stripes of strong flannelette, full cut, gusseted and double yoke and made for strong, hard service.

Remember, cash refunded if you do not consider these shirts honestly worth double. Send to-day, stating size of neckband, and you will receive them per return, together with our catalogue of working men's many bargains.

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ASTOUNDING BARGAIN
SPECIAL CLEARANCE OF FLOOR COVERING

72 SQ. FT. 15/-
SAMPLES FREE.
DAMP PROOF & ROT PROOF THICKER than Lino. Specially suitable for damp stone or wood floors. Lies flat without fastening, no nails or paste required. 72 sq. ft. for 15/-. Longer lengths pro rata. All rolls two yards wide. Many pretty patterns to choose from.

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£10 A WEEK FOR YOU

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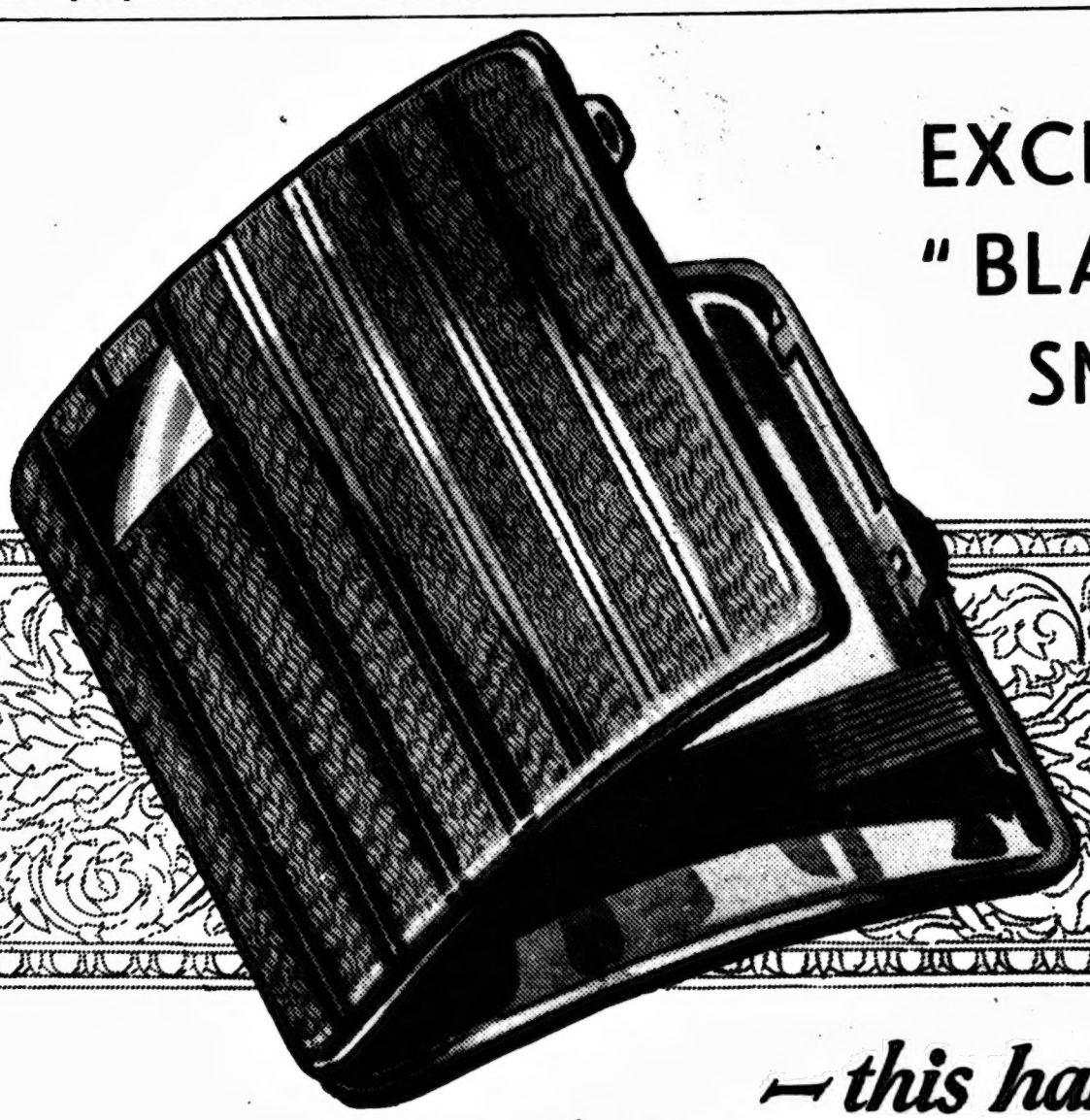

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THURSDAY
for Week ending Saturday, July 27, 1929. Twopence. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, ½d.; all other parts of the world, 1½d.

"If you see it in 'John Bull'—it is so"

Royal Morocco?—Uncle Sam and Singapore

THE King's latest operation, in spite of his good recovery, makes it almost certain that he will spend next winter abroad.

Lord Dawson of Penn's visit to Morocco, from which he returned hurriedly by aeroplane when the condition of the Royal invalid necessitated his attendance, was significant.

• • •

The climate of Tangier has much to recommend it, and the fact that the zone is under International administration gets over the political difficulties which might be involved if the King spent a lengthy period as the guest of any foreign Power, however friendly.

A dilemma

The United States Government has given a strong hint to Mr. Ramsay MacDonald that nothing but approval will be forthcoming if the £8,000,000 naval base at Singapore is proceeded with.

The Americans know that they have nothing to fear from a British battleship base at Singapore, and some sudden turn of events in the Far East might make them rather glad of it.

• • •

The Dominions also want the base to be completed.

Our own Government would like to drop the scheme as a gesture in favour of disarmament; but circumstances may prove too strong.

Light on dark places

Mr. Philip Snowden is having a tussle with the financial experts at the Treasury as to the propriety of probing into the secrets of high finance.

The Chancellor is convinced that monetary policy has a good deal to do with the present industrial depression and wants an enquiry into the whole system of banking and credit.

The Treasury experts, on the other hand, do not view with favour any proposal for jogging up the present system of the banks.

• • •

But Mr. Snowden has at least a few influential allies in the City, and such an enquiry as is now under consideration would meet with considerable approval.

Guinea-pig parade

Ex-Cabinet Ministers, deprived of their £5,000 a year by the result of the General Election, are looking for jobs in the City to make up for the loss of their official salaries.

We shall not be surprised to learn shortly that various boards of directors have been "strengthened" by the appointment of out-of-work political pundits.

Freezing fuel

Like all official bodies, the Fuel Research Board is inclined to be hostile to new ideas that do not emanate from its own brain. And in the past it has always had the Minister for Mines and the Board of Trade in its pocket.

Private British concerns engaged in the new processes in connection with pulverised and low-temperature fuels have found the Fuel Research Board sceptical and obstructive, and back-benchers who sit for mining constituencies will be well advised to regard it with suspicion.

Why Bread Costs More

Deterding Daren't

Sutton's seeds

If the Chinese and Russians do drift into large-scale warfare—as opposed to frontier skirmishes—in Manchuria, the Red troops will find their opponents a tougher proposition than most folk realise.

He sowed the dragons' teeth

The reason is—General Sutton.

This intrepid, one-armed Englishman was in China for years, since 1918, teaching the Oriental all about economic and efficient methods of slaughter.

The troops which fought against Sutton-trained armies in Chinese civil wars soon copied Sutton methods.

And so the Russians will be up against forces equipped with modern artillery up to 16 in. howitzers, Renault tanks, Stokes guns and machine-guns.

First for once

The Government has just completed the purchase of certain lands at Dartford, Kent, as the first step towards the construction of a gigantic new Thames tunnel.

Many real-estate gentlemen are gnashing their teeth.

They framed it

The present rise in wheat prices which has given bakers an excuse to put up bread prices is entirely due to manipulation by the American Government authorities.

There is no economic justification for the rise. There are surplus wheat supplies all over the world.

By the passing of the United States Farm Relief Bill, however, the American Government has agreed to assist farmers financially if there is a bad break in prices. It is, therefore, in the Government interest to force up prices.

British housewives are having to pay in order to save the American taxpayer.

Cash down for hopefuls

The Conservative Central Office has shown unexpected astuteness in turning to its own advantage the demand that seats likely to return Conservative M.P.s at the next election should be given to the able young men of the Party.

The Central Office takes the view that if the rich old men are not to have safe seats, the Party cannot expect to have their money. So those who clamour for young candidates are being told to start collecting subscriptions from supporters in the constituencies.

We must all pay for our pleasures these days.

Hints in cobwebs

Mr. William Graham, the new President of the Board of Trade, should see to it that the reports of our Trade Commissioners abroad are published quickly in this country.

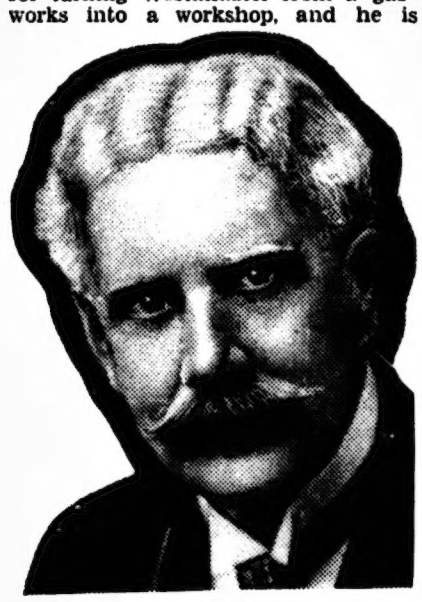
Most of them are now not available to the business man until anything up to two years after they are written.

They often contain valuable information on foreign markets, but it is no use to the British merchant when he gets it—for it is months or years out of date.

American Bureau of Commerce reports are published when the news in them is still red-hot.

Chloroform

Sir Charles Oman, the professor-M.P. for Oxford University, has a plan for turning Westminster from a gasworks into a workshop, and he is awaiting a favourable opportunity to press it forward.



Sir Charles: "Gasworks? No! Workshop? Yes!"

Under his scheme, M.P.s will have to limit their speeches to fifteen minutes. They will be rationed to a certain number of speeches a session. If they ask frivolous questions they will be black-listed. And if they unnecessarily demand divisions they will be subjected to a deduction from their Parliamentary salary.

It has been decided, as it is, that, when the Autumn Session opens, Labour M.P.s will be asked by their leaders to submit themselves to a voluntary system of "muzzling," under which they will reduce their speeches to a minimum.

But Sir Charles Oman's scheme is better—more comprehensive, more thorough.

Not yet

Various newspapers recently have been talking about a further rise in petrol prices. You may take it as definite that there will be no such rise, not for some time at any rate.

The oil combines had intended to raise prices, and Sir Henri Deterding is being urged to do so by his American friends of the Standard Oil group. He will not agree.

The present Government might not be so willing to accept the oil combines' view of the situation as was the last, and the combines do not want to invite an investigation just now.

Harassed Cuthbert

We are informed that several highly placed Civil servants—especially members of the Treasury staff—are seriously perturbed at the burdens which are being laid upon the machinery of administration by the present Government.

• • •

It is not only the added difficulty they always have with new Ministers The Departments, it is said, are being turned inside out for information for preparing new Bills, memoranda and enquiries on endless subjects.

It's a hard world.

Lord Beaver-Melchett

The attitude of the Conservative leaders towards Lord Beaverbrook's scheme for Free Trade within the Empire is that, if it provokes strong opposition at home or in the Dominions, they will have no responsibility for its failure.

But if it is received with enthusiasm, they will be free to adopt it as their own.

Safety first!

The real author of the scheme, by the way, is said to be Lord Melchett.

Strictly private

A private report has now been made to the Government on Russian trade possibilities by the experts of the Anglo-Russian Committee which organised the recent delegation of British business men to Moscow.

• • •

A mysterious thing about it is that the majority of the members of the delegation have not seen the report, and do not know what it contains. Even some members of the committee are in the dark.

The report is understood to advise that Russia be made to agree to certain onerous conditions before trading relationships are resumed.

• • •

The Government must obtain the opinion of the business men and industrialists who went with the delegation before accepting the views of a section of a self-appointed committee. We might then hear a very different tale.

IF YOU SEE IT—*(Continued)*

Who was responsible?

Ugly reports, entirely at variance with those which appeared in the daily Press, come from Gillingham concerning the terrible fatality at the Boy Scouts' display there.

None of the papers disclose the startling news that the temporary building in which the unfortunate children were cremated had previously been sprayed with petrol and that lighted braziers had actually been placed inside.

A note of tragic irony is added to the history of the disaster by the information that the two fire brigades which were present to give a life-saving display took ten minutes to get an attenuated stream of water to play on the building.

It is to be hoped that a searching investigation will be made at the inquest.

The P.M.'s own budget

Some weeks ago we advocated raising the Prime Minister's salary.

Since then many newspapers have discussed the point, and questions have been asked during the last few days in the House of Commons itself.

Mr. MacDonald, in replying, said that the subject was a delicate one, and that he could do nothing in the matter unless the general opinion of the House was in favour of it.

Whatever that may be, the general opinion of the people is for a reasonable increase.

While there should be no profit attached to the office, nobody wants to see a poor Premier out of pocket.

Not so civil

Bitter remarks are exchanged among foreigners, many of whom have been long resident in this country, who visit the Aliens Department at the Home Office for the purpose of obtaining permission to return to their homes here after a holiday abroad.

A senior official in the department, instead of impressing foreigners with our British courtesy, orders them about as if they were criminals.

Several foreigners who approached him, in our hearing, for information were brusquely told to "Shut up and sit down." The Home Secretary should reprimand this official.

Civility is the first virtue we look for among Civil Servants.

Sweated maids

The Minister of Labour says she is prepared to extend the provisions of the Trade Boards Acts (to prevent underpaid labour) "to further industries where low wages are current."

May we take it, then, that Miss Bondfield has overcome the departmental objections to dealing with sweated labour in the hotel and catering trades? R.S.V.P.

Asking for it

Giant air liners have to undergo strenuous tests before they are allowed to wing their way across Europe.

What happens in the case of "joy planes," now giving short flights for a few shillings at many of our popular seaside resorts? These machines make dozens of trips each day and are put to heavy and constant usage.

Many people would like to know before making a trip when their "joy plane" was last examined.

An assurance that these machines and those owned by free-lance pilots making longer flights pass through rigid and frequent tests by disinterested persons would do much to popularise flying as a general means of travel.

Bally mean

Nine years ago the Ballymena Golf Club, and Lord O'Neill, its landlord, agreed to lease ten acres of the club's land at Broughshane, County Antrim, to the British Legion. The lease was for thirty years.

The land at that time was useless from an agricultural point of view, but the men cleared away all the stones and gorse, and it is now admitted to be amongst the finest in Ulster. Now the club wants the land back, and the landlord is backing it up.

Naturally, the Legionaries are indignant. It is to be hoped that the two parties concerned will stick to the agreement into which they entered.

Read every clause

A certain insurance company has repudiated liability following a motor accident under peculiar circumstances.

"A" bought a second-hand car which had been "thoroughly overhauled" from "B," who had himself overhauled it. As the car was to be paid for by instalments, "B" insisted on its insurance, which he himself put through, as he was the agent of the insurance company.

A serious accident occurred a fortnight after the purchase, and the insurance company repudiated liability on the grounds that the car was not in a fit condition to be on the road.

There must be thousands of motorists who are quite incapable of forming an opinion on this point. They should look into their policies, and if there are any relevant conditions they had better write to their company about it.

The action of the insurance company in this particular case was mean, dishonourable, and, we think, illegal.

Where the butter comes from

Danish lottery merchants are again busy angling for fools in this country.

Charles Frederiksen, about whose scheme we have received numerous enquiries, has sent a circular letter to hosts of our readers, offering to sell them tickets in a £40,000 lottery. According to Frederiksen, the "winning chances are rosy."

Our advice is—leave it alone.

Work by lot

Temporary men employed by the Royal Mail contractors are on duty at 3.30 a.m. Their names are written on slips of paper which are put into a tin, and on the drawing depends the order of work. Usually a man gets two hours' work, which lasts until 5.30 a.m.

Mr. Lees Smith, Labour's P.M.G.

But instead of then returning home, he is forced to remain on duty in case of emergency until the next draw, which takes place at 5 p.m. He then secures a job which often lasts until eight o'clock.

Seventeen hours a day for an average weekly wage of £2 9s. are conditions of labour which a Labour Postmaster-General cannot tolerate.

They all read "J.B."

References continue to be made in the House of Commons debates to the article contributed to JOHN BULL last February by Mr. Philip Snowden on "Is the Empire Bleeding Britain?"

Mr. Amery, the ex-Secretary for the Dominions and Colonies, seems to know the whole article by heart, but he has not succeeded in moving Mr. Snowden by one hair's-breadth from his position.

Now that Mr. Snowden is Chancellor of the Exchequer he has to be careful not to offend the susceptibilities of the Dominions. But he still maintains that Imperial solidarity can never be achieved on the basis of Preference.

He thinks the workers of this country will derive more benefit from the investment of British money in the economic development of India—with its population of 300,000,000.

Joe . . . "from a background of emerald green"

St. Patrick for Ulster!

In Ulster both political sides are laughing at the humorist responsible for the hanging of pictures in the newly opened Belfast Art Gallery.

Among the pictures painted by Sir John Lavery has been placed a portrait of Mr. Joe Devlin, M.P., the famous stalwart of the late John Redmond and leader of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, in between those two great pillars of the Orange Order—Sir Edward Archdale, M.P., and Sir Joseph Davison.

To add to the gaiety of things, the two latter are wearing their Orange regalia, whilst the ever-popular Joe stands out from a background of emerald green.

Choose your restaurant

Widespread interest has been created by our exposure in our issue of July 13th of restaurant-kitchen horrors.

But some restaurant-keepers of the better class, while admitting the truth of our allegations, claim that we will do harm to them, owing to the fact that customers are not in a position to discriminate between restaurants with clean kitchens and the others.

We don't see the point. Let every restaurant-keeper who will, display a notice that he welcomes inspection of his kitchen by clients, and the public will soon know where to go.

Hard on Dobbin

Major-General P. B. Sangster, a great animal-lover, has lodged a protest against the cruelty of compelling farmers' nags, van and heavy draught horses to wear shoes which are incapable of giving them a proper foothold.

Eight years ago the Ministry of Transport invited horse-owners complaining of slippery roads to test non-slip shoeing methods, and the reports submitted in regard to one particular method were 78 per cent. favourable.

It certainly is a question to which all humane animal-owners should give their attention.

Reeking with fraud

The ever-green "bogus estates" fraud has just been revived by self-styled American lawyers, who are writing to people in this country telling them that money is due to them under the will of some person who has left an unclaimed fortune.

People who possess the surname of Drake are the most sought-after dupes at present, and the Yankee "lawyers" seek preliminary fees from them by promising to press forward claims on their behalf in connection with what is called the "Sir Francis Drake estate."

The whole business reeks with fraud, and recipients of such letters should communicate at once with the Dormant Moneys Department at the High Courts of Justice.

The quarter-stores shelf

In the twelve months ending June, 1929, there were 123 commissions granted to N.C.O.s.

This is a peace-time record; but all is not well yet.

Too many of these were promotions to "Lieutenant and Quartermaster," where technical experience is wasted. It is not sound policy to make good soldiers into bad storekeepers.

The coal Poles

Among all our other debtors, it is often forgotten that Poland owes us the trifling sum of £5,000,000.

Mr. Snowden, we understand, contemplates a little note beginning: "Could you let me have . . .?"!

Of course, he will not say that he objects to Britain's money being used to subsidise Polish competitors of British coalminers. But, like every other sensible Englishman, he does object.

What a wage!

A girl of twenty-one was recently charged at the Southport Police Court with stealing a shilling from her employers, Messrs. Moor, Hoghton Street.

It transpired that she was paid £1 a week as a counter-hand. Out of this pitiful sum she had to pay 10s. for lodging and breakfast, which left her 1s. 5d. a day for dinner, tea, clothing and tram-fares.

Alderman Harling, chairman of the Bench of Magistrates who placed this unfortunate creature on probation for twelve months, instead of indulging in a ponderous tirade about the "seriousness of the case," would have done better to have addressed a few stern words to the firm.

Back to barbarism

Mr. Justice McCardie's stern rebuke to the local authorities at the Warwick Assizes recently was well merited.

He sternly rebuked

A fifteen-year-old boy stood in the dock charged with a serious offence without having anyone to defend him.

The Probation Officer, when sent for, stated that it was usually his duty to attend the Quarter Sessions.

It is a Probation Officer's duty to be present in any court when the interests of a minor are concerned.

Probation Officers should not take heed of technicalities.

To leave a friendless child in the plight of this unfortunate youngster is to revert to the barbarism of the eighteenth century.

Lofty

The Board of Customs and Excise, like the Pope, grants indulgences.

A newly established firm, using small quantities of industrial alcohol in its process of manufacture, was surprised to receive a letter from the Commissioners authorising its use, and adding, "*This indulgence is granted* subject to the general conditions enclosed."

It may be a responsibility to use industrial alcohol, but this Government Department's claim that it is a privilege is typical of what the Lord Chief Justice calls "the new despotism."

"Blue frightener" bluff

The Metropolitan Detective Agency, Oakley House, Bloomsbury, presents an impressive title of which it apparently takes full advantage.

Recently this agency dunned a reader, on behalf of an Oxford Street firm, by sending a letter printed on official blue paper threatening to "call personally and put the law into force."

Impudent bluff of this sort should be disregarded. Detective agencies, whether "metropolitan" or otherwise, are fortunately not permitted to assume such arbitrary powers.

This is still a land of liberty, not of petty tyranny.

Every School a PUBLIC SCHOOL

by The Headmaster of Harrow School

Dr. Norwood as Harrow sees him

"THE English Public Schools"—it is a phrase which calls up, in the minds of some, memories and ideals to which they will always respond, for they know that their school has strengthened what is best in them. In the minds of others it wakes indignant animosity.

Citadels of class-privilege, they call them, where all is pretence and pretentiousness, and the only real interest lies in games.

This criticism is human. We are always likely to dislike the people whom we do not know, especially if we think that they do not want to know us.

So, to many, the public schools stand as a symbol of class-division; but I write this article to argue that the education for which they stand should be characteristic of all our schools, the cement which unites our nation and makes it of one mind.

The public schools are exclusive because they cannot help themselves, not because they wish to be. They try to give the best, and the best is a very expensive thing. They are not rich enough to open their doors wide to those who cannot pay, for not one of them has more than enough and many of them are in debt.

But it is foolish, because this is the case, to shut one's eyes to their merits, and to refuse to see that they represent a more successful instrument of education, when at its best, than any other country has yet elaborated. It is foolish to ignore the fact that men come from Continental, Far Eastern and American communities to see what the secret is which kindles passionate, life-long devotions to these schools.

The public schools claim no monopoly in that secret. It is no mystery. It is there for all to use; and if all can use it, if the nation has the wisdom so to use its resources as to make public-school education a possibility and a reality for all, then Britain will become a nobler country than ever it has been yet.

Why we advance

NO one has a greater admiration than I for the elementary school teachers of this country. It is owing to them, more than to any other class of the community, that the nation has advanced to its present position.

If it were true to say that the Battle of Waterloo was won on the playing-fields of Eton, I think it would be equally true to say that the Great War was won in the elementary schools.

But no one would be a sharper critic than I of elementary education as we have hitherto known it if it is to be regarded as enough, as all that a poor child needs, as all that is wanted for the making of a British citizen.

When the State started out to educate the people, because, as was said, we must "educate our masters," it fobbed them off with a very inferior article.

It gave them a little book-learning, in conditions which made things very hard for teachers and taught. It left out whole fields of development which are the proper province of the educator; and it stopped off the whole process at a critical age, when the crop was just beginning to ripen.

What does "Every School a Public School" mean?

It means that every boy and girl will stay at school until they are sixteen, and that there will be some sort of control over all until they are eighteen. It means that every boy and girl of intellectual ability will be carried through to the end of their University stage.

Does that mean that they must all be boarded-out in great schools in some desirable countryside? Not in the least. You can get a public-school education as well in a day-school as in a boarding-school; as well in a city as in the country.

It is men and boys, women and girls, that make a public school and the spirit which is in it. That is why there is and there can be no definition of a public school.

Therefore, first, the school must be free, and feel itself to be free; feel itself to be a community living for a common end; the spirit which is in it must blow where it lists. That is the first mistake which is made with the schools of the people—that the scholars are sometimes so treated as not to feel themselves to be free.

I would have the school held together by discipline. Now, the public school discipline is not merely the assertion of authority, the dispensing of punishments for offences.

It is rather that you obey in order that you may learn how to rule; and that throughout your school life you are tried out, first in small and trivial things, then in things more important, last in posts of real responsibility, the rule always being this—that if you fail, you must contentedly give way to someone who will not fail.

You do not pretend to give boys and girls authority and then behind the scenes set aside a master or a mistress to tell them what to do, and to keep all real responsibility in their hands.

You do not set up cricket and football captains, and then appoint a games master to do all the work. You choose your boy, you give him authority, you let him tackle his job, you give him room to make mistakes.

He knows what it is like to have been one of the ruled, and if he has the stuff in him, he will soon find out how to rule. Only there must be no pretences and interferences.

This, and no other, is the way in which the men have been formed who have made of the British Empire, with all its faults, something worth while in the development of the world.

The school will aim at training mind and body—a platitude, a truism, if you like, but hardly so if you understand the full meaning of the phrase.

In both mental and physical training the school will think first of character. The pupils will learn to fit themselves for life, and in their games they will seek not only bodily fitness, but the development of courage, unselfishness, co-operation and generosity. They are the qualities which, above all, the nation of the future needs.

But all the magnificent training which is possible outside school still labours from lack of the conditions which make it possible.

Where are the playing-fields and the open spaces? What is the good of talking about character-building by games and athletics when a bare 10 per cent. have a chance of playing at all?

Our schools ought to be on the edge of our cities; space is their first necessity, for on the playing-fields much more than physical fitness is to be gained.

Spirit of service

IN all schools there will be the spirit of service. This is only looking at religion from the practical side, at the fruits which it produces. "Lo! I am among you as He that serveth."

A man ought not to go out into life to make a pile for himself, but to serve his generation.

Commerce is a social service; production, sale and exchange are all social services, not likely to be the less efficient if so regarded, and certainly likely to be more honest.

The only man who should feel ashamed is the man who takes more than he gives and does not seek to contribute as much as he claims.

This is not a thing about which we need always to be talking; cant is easy. But what we want is a generation bent on doing, not talking, serving and not quarrelling, which will not spend its time in wrangling for the enjoyment of a social product, wealth, which disappears while men fight jealously for its shadow.

This is the public-school ideal at its best, and there is nothing in it which is out of reach of any school.

That is why I dream of every school a public school. But it isn't easy, for it means a life lived by high ideals, and human nature is—human nature.

And it isn't cheap. We must have the genuine thing, and no imitations. There is nothing so bad as the thing which pretends to be good, and isn't.

Yet a fraction of the wealth which the nation had to blow into the air in the war would have sufficed to make public schools for all a reality. They are not impossible so soon as we realise that they are worth while.

And once we have got them, we shall have created the only instrument which can give us a united nation, because all its classes will be bound together by a common outlook and a common understanding.

The Author,

Dr. Cyril Norwood, is the son of a Lancashire parson. Fifty-four years old, he began as a Civil Servant at the Admiralty, but turned to schoolmastering after a few years. Before going to Harrow in 1926, he was Master at Marlborough College. A most independent and sturdy character, he has already left his mark on the British educational system — both in public and secondary schools.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

REGGIE'S NEW Glad-Rags

Sack for Sack Drinking—Miss Mayne's Mistake
Bright Young People's Chance

The Rt. Hon. R. M'KENNA,
70, Pall Mall, London, S.W.

DEAR M'KENNA,—I was astounded to read Lord Beaverbrook's letter, in which he triumphantly announced your support of his Empire Free Trade campaign.

His lordship declared that you would even accept a tax on foreign meat and wheat as the price of the removal of Dominions duties against British goods.

All your life you have been an unshakable and resolute Free Trader—the deadly enemy of any tax on this nation's food.

What, in your sixty-seventh year, has persuaded you to abandon the political faith of a lifetime?

If you have good reasons for your step, you should publish them. The millions of Free Traders who admire your sagacity cannot be left in the dark.

JOHN BULL.

His Excellency GENERAL DAWES,
American Embassy

YOUR EXCELLENCY,—I have known of a game of golf with a British Premier bringing a French statesman to grief.

I seem to remember also that an American Ambassador got into trouble for wearing knee-breeches at His Majesty's Court.

But I am astonished that the suspicion that you sipped good British wine at the Vintners' Luncheon has led to excitement at Washington.

I hope the fact that the wine was "sack" will have no symbolic significance.

If such a trifle should hamper in the slightest your great work for peace, I shall be forced to believe that Uncle Sam is intoxicated with his own sobriety.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. E. HOWARD,
Ex-Services Welfare Society, Victoria Street, London, S.W.

DEAR SIR,—Recently we deplored the fact that the British Legion was not represented at the inquest at Portsmouth into the circumstances surrounding the sad death of Ralph Giddens, an inmate of the local Ministry of Pensions Hospital.

No sooner had you read our paragraph than you instructed a barrister to watch the proceedings on your institution's behalf, and, when he was refused a hearing on the ground that you had no right to interfere, you got over the difficulty by watching the case for the dead man's father.

You are deserving of the highest praise.

JOHN BULL.

M. HERRIOT,
Ex-Premier of France

MONSIEUR,—I salute you as being one of the few French politicians who have a good word to say for this country.

In a speech in the Chamber you had the courage to draw attention to the services Great Britain rendered France during the war, and insisted that it was a mistake not to distinguish between British and American war debts.

Rightly you emphasised the fact that our terrible unemployment problem "is the direct consequence of British courage during the war."

It is a pity that some of your colleagues do not show such qualities of vision and blunt common-sense as yourself. Then the Entente would become a living reality instead of being in grave danger of becoming a mere catch-phrase.

Monsieur, again I offer you my most cordial thanks.

JOHN BULL.

Sir EDWARD GRIGG, K.C.M.G.,
Governor of Kenya

SIR,—The action of the Kenya Legislative Assembly in refusing to grant a small pension to Matthew Wellington has caused much dissatisfaction, not only in Kenya, but in this country also.

Wellington, an impoverished native, eighty years of age, is the last survivor of the gallant band of Africans who in 1873 carried the body of David Livingstone, the great explorer, from the interior of the Dark Continent to the coast.

It was a nine-months' journey, full of great hardship, and it savours of the worst form of meanness to refuse this venerable man a small sum so that he may end his days in comfort.

Use your influence, sir, and put this matter right.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. H. R. OSWALD,
West London Coroner

SIR,—I agree with you that there are some very unsatisfactory features of the Coroners (Amendment) Act, 1926, which require immediate revision.

At the same time, you might have widened the scope of your criticism, for the whole of the system badly needs overhauling.

Not infrequently coroners are judge, jury, counsel and witnesses rolled into one. Again, there are inexperienced coroners who accept as evidence mere tittle-tattle which would be inadmissible in a criminal court.

The public is tired of the silly speeches which some of your colleagues, keener on publicity than justice, are so fond of making.

JOHN BULL.

Commander FRANK WILD,
Goller, Zululand

SIR,—Some years ago you earned fame as the commander of the vessels that bore Scott and Shackleton on their Antarctic expeditions.

Now you have fallen on hard times and are forced to earn your living as a barman at the miserable wage of £4 a month. But I am not surprised to learn that, despite temporary difficulties, you remain cheerful.

Men of sterling character like yourself, who overcome difficulties with a smile and a laugh, are a fine object-lesson to those who whine over every petty obstacle they meet in the battle of life.

Keep that stiff upper lip and good luck will yet come your way.

JOHN BULL.

Miss MAYNE, Author
"Life and Letters of Lady Noel Byron"

MADAM,—It is not our intention to give you gratuitous publicity, but to protest against the bad taste which inspired your pen.

In your latest book you drag up dreary scandals in which Lord Byron, one of the noblest of British poets, is supposed to have been concerned.

Do not forget that, however piquant the details of Byron's private life may be, the letters recounting them do not make such good reading, by a long score, as Byron's poems, which I am old-fashioned enough to read with delight.

JOHN BULL.

LORD BYNG,
Scotland Yard, London, S.W.

MY LORD,—The traffic police are not robots. As the chairman of the Enfield Bench pointed out recently, they cannot be expected to maintain the same degree of accuracy in their signals to motorists after six or seven hours on duty.

Many motorists are fined because they misunderstand the confused signals of a tired policeman. The remedy is to form a corps of traffic police embodying the A.A. and the R.A.C. men.

Police should stick to their job of chasing criminals. Motorists do not come in this category.

JOHN BULL.

Miss LUCY NORTON,
The Schooner "Friendship"

DEAR LITTLE RAY OF SUNSHINE,—I see that your party held on a schooner moored in the Thames is reported to be the dullest function yet organised by the Bright Young People.

Let me make a bright suggestion. Since the Bright Young People have so much money to waste, it would brighten the lives of some of the kiddies in the East End if they spent a little of it in giving them a day's outing in the country.

Money spent in this way would turn many pale, heat-worn children into the bright young people whom the country needs.

It's not a bad plan. Think it over.

JOHN BULL.

STRAIGHT *from the Shoulder*

MR. CAIRNS: "You cannot expect a husband to behave like a pet lamb."

Still, it's a magistrate's duty to warn him to behave like a husband.

* * *

MISS EDITH SITWELL: "If women continue to show legs as freely as faces, there should be beauty parlours for legs."

Well, a woman said it.

* * *

MR. DOUGLAS GOLDRING: "No one can get anything from a foreign country except what he brings to it."

In other words, swank, bombast and tariffs don't build trade.

NOT from 2LO—M. Louis Bleriot

In the First Flight

MESSIEURS et mesdames,
long ago
It was you hear my name.
When I across the Channel flow—
I think it is you say it so?—

But that was twenty years away,
And times have changed since then!
My little monoplane to-day
Is—what you call it?—out-of-play,
And will not flew again.

And, looking at your Aero Show,
I feel all cold and hot,
To think perhaps you do not know
What that I was—that Bleriot
By you is now forgot!

Is it that you me remember? I know les messieurs of the Royal Aeronautical Society have remembrance, for they ask me here to make lunch with them. But so much water has flew under London Bridge since I first come among you that l'homme—what you call him?—the Man in the Street may not remember Bleriot and his so little monoplane.

It was twenty years ago on July 25 since I come here. My engine was twenty-five horses'-power and my monoplane travelled at a speed-power of thirty-five and even forty miles per hour perhaps—for sometimes, if weather not suit her, she not travel at all!

But now! Voila! The aeroplanes flow the thousands of miles and take the thousands of peoples forwards and backwards across the Channel at the speed-powers that make me feel of the seasickness.

When I see whizz by the motor-cars the nervousness makes to take hold of me. And when I think that the day may come when the cochon—what you call him?—the air-hog may be able to kill two-times as many citoyens that is now killed by the road-hog, I sit me backwards and wonder if it was better that I never come here in my monoplane twenty years away.

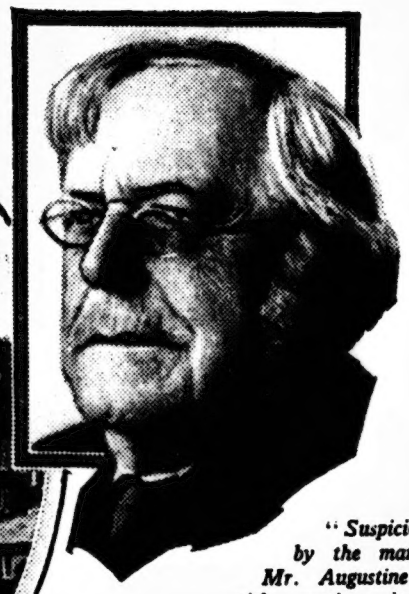
But what would you? It is the Progress. And the Progress is like to the tooth that is too far gone—he cannot be stopped. You see, I make of the joke?

But some peoples tell me that the best joke I could make would be to flow to la grande exposition at Olympia in my twenty-years-old monoplane.

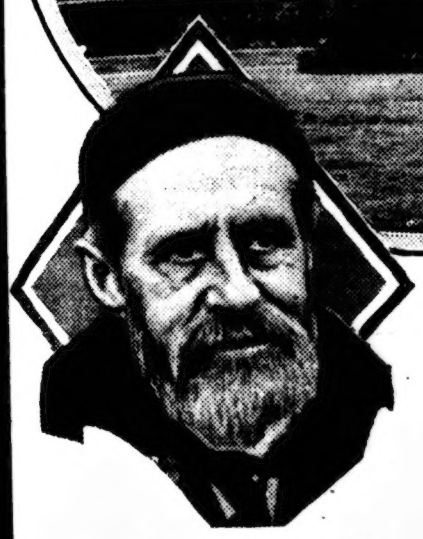
I say she would get what you call "the bird," but my English friends they say, "No." "No, Bleriot," they tell me:

Though there're young ones who may not have heard
Of you and your wonderful feat,
They would never give to you "the bird,"
But with three hearty cheers they would greet
The birdman, so brave, of the past,
Whose courage and skill paved the way—
For the first taught as much to the last
As to-morrow will learn from to-day.

Buried in the walls of Dublin Castle is a story of sordid vice and mystery



"Suspicion was lulled by the manner in which Mr. Augustine Birrell dealt with questions in the House"



His "irreproachable character and blameless life made it possible for the orgies to continue . . . ."

CROWN JEWELS *in* PAWN

Incredible Story

WE give to the public this week, for the first time in journalism, the full and true story of the disappearance of the Irish Crown jewels from Dublin Castle twenty-two years ago.

It is not our desire to stir up the swamp of infamy which, unknown to the public, surrounded the loss of the precious State gems. Only essential facts will be revealed.

In June, 1907, King Edward paid a visit to Dublin, and suddenly commanded an investiture of the Knights of St. Patrick to be held.

Consternation swept Great Britain and the Empire when it became known that the ceremony had been cancelled when his Majesty learned that a large part of the regalia of the Order, consisting of diamond and platinum stars and gold and diamond collars, valued at £70,000, was missing from the safe.

Nothing like the truth

Suspicion was lulled by the manner in which Mr. Augustine Birrell, then Chief Secretary, dealt with questions on the subject in the House.

For nearly a quarter of a century the public has been led to believe that the Crown jewels were stolen by the rogue-accomplice of an aristocrat ne'er-do-well who had official access to the Viceregal precincts.

This popular theory has been supported by officially-inspired statements that the safe was of such an obsolete pattern that the most amateurish cracksman could have opened it. Nothing could be farther from the truth.

The safe, which stood in a burglar-proof fortress at the door of the military guard-room in the Bedford Tower of the Castle, was strongly and closely guarded, and the only key of it which should have been in existence was worn on his person by an official.

Greatly enlarged photographs, we have found, taken after the supposed raid on the safe, prove definitely that it was not tampered with in any way.

The Scotland Yard report, which has been kept secret, also declares that there was no mark upon the metal; that violence had not been used to open the safe; and there was no indication that access was obtained otherwise than by regular methods.

The stark truth is that the sentries who paced day and night outside the strong room were often guarding an almost empty safe.

It has been revealed during our enquiry that on a number of occasions prior to the one in 1907 on which King Edward failed to have the Crown jewels produced when he demanded them, portions of the regalia had been abstracted and pawned.

Orgies of vice

The possibility and ease of raising large sums of money on the security of the State treasures was first discovered by a highly connected man, who relieved his embarrassments by pledging some of them with a notorious London moneylender. They were afterwards redeemed and replaced.

At that time degenerates of the worst type were associated with a small section of Dublin Society.

They regularly participated in orgies of vice, and these gatherings became so frequent that the purses of the promoters could not bear the strain.

The abandoned rascals who organised these revels took precautions successfully to keep all knowledge of their evil from the Marquess of Aberdeen and Temair, who was then Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.

It was, in fact, the irreproachable character and blameless life of this universally respected peer that made it possible for the orgies to continue. Had he been more worldly, he might have suspected something.

One by one the culprits learned how to "borrow" portions of the regalia. Owing to a grotesque laxity on the part of Dublin officialdom, it was the easiest thing in the world to take a jewel out of the safe and retain it for a considerable time.

The situation was not without its humorous side. Whenever the clique was short of funds the password was: "Let's pawn another of the Crown jewels!" and a jewel was "popped."

As time went on, larger and larger sums were raised in this unique manner until the safe was sometimes short of half its valuable contents.

Accommodation was found, too, almost on the Castle threshold, when a Dublin firm of pawnbrokers, the proprietor of which has since died, showed its readiness to take the jewels in pawn.

None of the transactions was entered in the books of this firm, which, of course, steadily refused to acknowledge its share in the extraordinary happenings.

Invariably, until its final disappearance in 1907, the regalia was recovered and assembled in time for the functions at which it was required.

On one occasion, however, when the Lord-Lieutenant announced that he would hold a levee at which, as Viceroy, he would wear the jewels, the means could not be found for their restoration.

An Irish shipbuilding magnate who was afterwards raised to the peerage came to the rescue in the nick of time with the funds for their release.

A typical instance of the laxity in the custody of the Crown jewels is provided by an incident which we have discovered.

An officer of the guard one day overturned a wastepaper-basket and was amazed to see lying among the scattered contents the glittering Order of St. Patrick.

He took the precious badge in to lunch and tucked it under some cold meat on a plate which was served to one of the highest officials.

Whatever precautions, if any, were then taken to ensure the safety of the jewels proved worthless, because soon afterwards a section of them was discovered by a servant in the collar-drawer of another official.

Then, piecemeal, they went to the moneylenders until the scandal culminated in King Edward's discovery.

King Edward flatly refused to accept the story of aristocratic burglars.

It can now be divulged that he could not conceal his horror when Chief Inspector Kane, of Scotland Yard, who was entrusted with the private investigation, returned to London and presented his report on the debaucheries which led up to the disappearance of the jewels.

We will only lift the curtain sufficiently to show that some aristocratic rascals then in Ireland treated the jewels so much as playthings for their vice that they went so far as to wear certain orders at the licentious entertainments they provided for themselves and their friends. Witnesses were subsequently spirited away.

One English lad from the Midlands, innocent until he became employed in Dublin, was despatched to America to be out of the way when serious enquiries commenced.

They'll be back

He died with a Canadian regiment early in the Great War, and another youth who was spirited to Chicago, met a violent death in that city.

Ample evidence of this aspect of the affair is available and on record.

There is one man outside Government departments and Scotland Yard who knows the secret of the whereabouts of the jewels and the full sordid tale of the history of the thefts. It is said that his lips are sealed by solemn oath.

With confidence, however, we can indicate that, in all probability, the Crown jewels are still intact, and that if the authorities care to give an indemnity against prosecution and interrogation the presumption is that they would be promptly restored.

A FINE COTTON YARN

ENQUIRIES are reaching us regarding some remarkable offers made by a firm called the London and Manchester Underwriting Trust, Limited, of Coventry House, London, W., which is engaged in the philanthropic work of showing investors how to make fortunes for jam.

The title of this "Trust" certainly has an extremely impressive ring. It suggests that the concern has offices both in Manchester and London, from which it organises an extensive underwriting business. This is not the case.

* * *

This "Trust" is actually a small company with a nominal capital of £100, whose directors until quite recently were two people named John Withy and Julius Castro.

We know nothing about the latter, but Withy was an associate of that rogue, John Marsden Firth, who, after repeated exposures in these columns, was recently sent to prison for frauds in connection with his alleged "cotton underwriting."

For some considerable time the "Trust" has been soliciting five-pound notes from unsophisticated folk.

Its bait is a "cotton underwriting" scheme, by which investors were told they would double their capital.

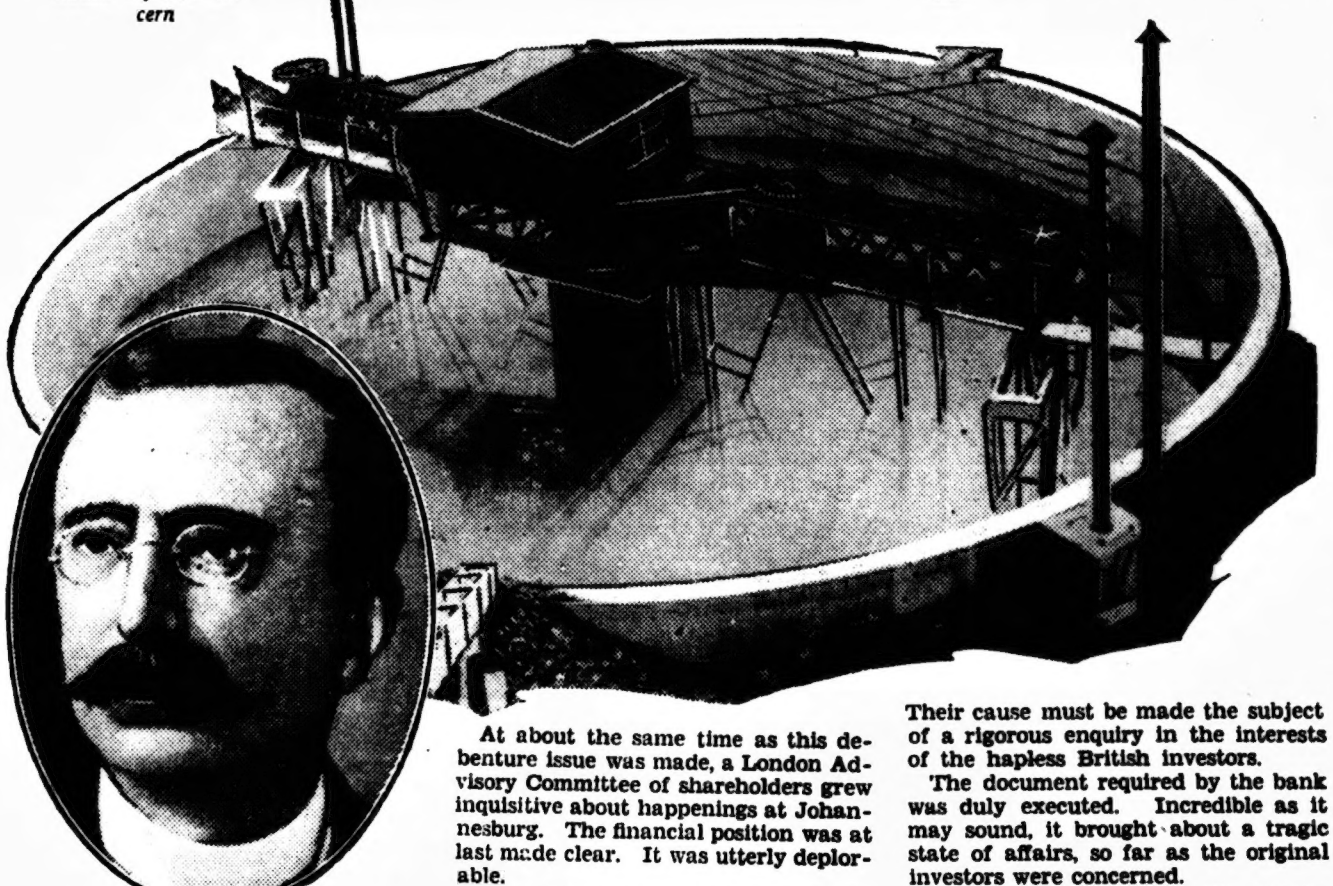
* * *

Since Withy and Castro left the company's board, their successors have gone one further, and are offering still more promising profits.

Briefly, their plan is to pay five-pound investors the handsome profit of thirty shillings every nineteen days on each £5 invested—the nineteen days being the "special short period" which covers each "operation" in "cotton underwriting." But—can they do it?

Our doubts are confirmed by the fact that several people who have previously parted with money to the "Trust" are deploring the fact that cheques due in connection with earlier "underwriting operations" are long overdue, and letters to the office in Coventry Street produce no satisfactory answer.

CRUMBLING CEMENT: Gigantic Share Crash



The storage tank at a prosperous cement works in England. The record of English companies promoted confidence in this South African concern

Justice de Waal, a South African judge, has lately criticised certain aspects of South African finance

INVESTORS in this country and in many parts of the British Empire are perturbed over the present remarkable position of a concern known as the Mozambique Portland Cement Company, Limited, which has collected from them something like a quarter of a million of money.

The registered offices of the company are in South Africa. It is incorporated under the company laws of the Orange Free State, and therefore very little information is available concerning it in England.

To perplex the shareholders further, their directors at Johannesburg have in the past returned only the vaguest of answers to anxious enquiries.

This company was formed about ten years ago. The Portuguese Government granted it a charter for the exclusive right to manufacture cement in the province of Mozambique for a period of ten years.

On the face of things, it appeared an eminently sound commercial proposition, and £210,460 was soon subscribed by investors in England and South Africa.

The company spent money freely on a factory, offices, and so on; with the result that about five years ago further capital was required.

A fresh issue

The directors, the managing director being a Mr. Sydney Heydenreich, thereupon issued an appeal in this country for a further £85,000 in the form of £25 debentures, or alternatively, of £1 shares. Further money was quickly put up.

The debentures, which, according to the prospectus, provided the more remunerative of the alternative investments, were due for redemption in December, 1926.

They were not redeemed; and to-day their holders are still waiting for their cash, together with the handsome profits which were long ago due to them.

At about the same time as this debenture issue was made, a London Advisory Committee of shareholders grew inquisitive about happenings at Johannesburg. The financial position was at last made clear. It was utterly deplorable.

The company was indebted to its bankers for £70,000, and the latter refused to advance another penny unless they obtained a mortgage on the company's assets.

At a board meeting in South Africa the directors, faced with this crisis, appointed a committee to draw up the necessary documents agreeing to the bank's demands.

Then a series of worse disasters came. Their cause must be made the subject of a rigorous enquiry in the interests of the hapless British investors.

The document required by the bank was duly executed. Incredible as it may sound, it brought about a tragic state of affairs, so far as the original investors were concerned.

It happened that the £25 debentures, which the directors had confidently anticipated would be guaranteed by the Mozambique Government were given no such official support, and eventually the bankers seized all the company's assets.

The British Board of Trade, which had itself originally invested more than £50,000 of public money in the concern, now took a hand and contested the action of the bank by bringing the matter before the Mozambique courts.

A decision was given against the board, and the company is now in liquidation.

The liquidator of the company does not mince words in his report.

"The failure of the concern," he says, "is a financial tragedy, involving serious loss to hundreds of small shareholders and debenture-holders....

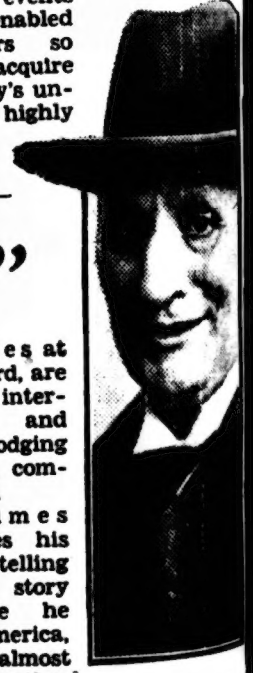
"In my opinion, the initial fatal mistake was made in going to allotment.... The amount subscribed at the inception of the company was totally inadequate to warrant embarking on an enterprise of such magnitude."

No mincing

Mr. Sydney Heydenreich, who is also known by the name of Sydney Hayden—and who divides his time between London and Johannesburg—is being severely criticised in South Africa in connection with this company's affairs.

Many are the stories told of poor people who, believing in the inspiring stories of glittering profits, have sunk their savings into this bottomless cement quarry.

Mr. Heydenreich must issue a statement without delay. He must let the wretched investors know, one way or the other, whether they can ever expect anything from the wreck. At the same time he should give a detailed explanation of the events which enabled the bankers so easily to acquire the company's undoubtedly highly valuable assets.



Chief Constable Wensley would welcome a chat with Little

He "Said it with Flowers"

AMONGST the thousands of American visitors who are now enjoying a holiday in England are a number of polished rogues whose presence here is not to benefit their health, but because they have a sneaking regard for English "greenhorns" with money to lose.

Prominent among them is Mr. James Alfred Little, of Brooklyn, who dresses with all the flamboyant "pep" of Broadway, and talks magnificently of the millions of dollars he hasn't got.

He is a tall, well-built American of thirty-five, with a monocle and sandy hair. His usual setting seems to be mauve plus-fours and an opulent motor-car. Neither, we regret to say, has been paid for.

A fortnight ago Mr. Little arrived at an hotel in Whitley Bay, Northumberland, where he engaged a room.

Each evening he held court in the lounge, telling impressive stories of the high spots on Broadway.

* * *

Although—as he frankly explained—his early days in America had been spent in an honourable struggle against poverty, Mr. Little had nothing to worry about nowadays.

Springing from nothing, he declared, he now owned a chain of magnificent florists and fruit shops in America, which earned more than enough to support him in graceful luxury.

Mr. Little was enormously impressive. Confidence in him and his means were complete.

One day he asked the proprietor of the hotel to cash a cheque for £30.

Mr. Little was very apologetic, but a bank draft he had expected had not arrived.

He wanted to go to the races and required the money in order to have a bet or two. He was certain the draft would arrive in the course of a few posts.

* * *

The hotel proprietor promptly agreed. Mr. Little departed in glory. Next day the hotel proprietor received a wire from Mr. Little, which had been handed in at the post-office at Wolverhampton, where the race-meeting was supposed to be held. "Had awful day with gee-gees," the message ran; "please wire a tenner."

Having not the least suspicion of the magnificent Mr. Little, the hotel owner wired the money at once.

He has not heard a word from the audacious American since. But he has heard quite a lot about him.

For example, he has discovered that similar worthless cheques have been passed all around by Little, who, incidentally, had taken away all his personal belongings from the hotel in his car and left a heavy bill unpaid.

This was quite apart from debts due to traders, who had been similarly impressed by his very flowery stories.

He has latterly perpetrated similar frauds all over the country. The police at Stoke-on-Trent, Sheffield, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Cambridge, Nottingham and Chesham, besides the authorities at Scotland Yard, are anxious to interview him, and find him lodging in a clean, comfortable cell.

Sometimes Little varies his tactics by telling the sad story that, before he went to America, he left an almost penniless mother in Dumfries, whom, since he had "made good," he had looked after well.

The old lady had just died, however, and he must rush to her funeral.

Her mythical demise always coincides with a shortage of cash. The dupes of this story are florists from whom he orders expensive wreaths and then cajoles into cashing substantial but worthless cheques.

Although Mr. James Little talks with a pronounced American accent, he is not a United States citizen at all.

His experience of that country was derived, when, for a series of audacious frauds, he went to jail there. Nor does he always use the name of James Alfred Little. His aliases are legion.

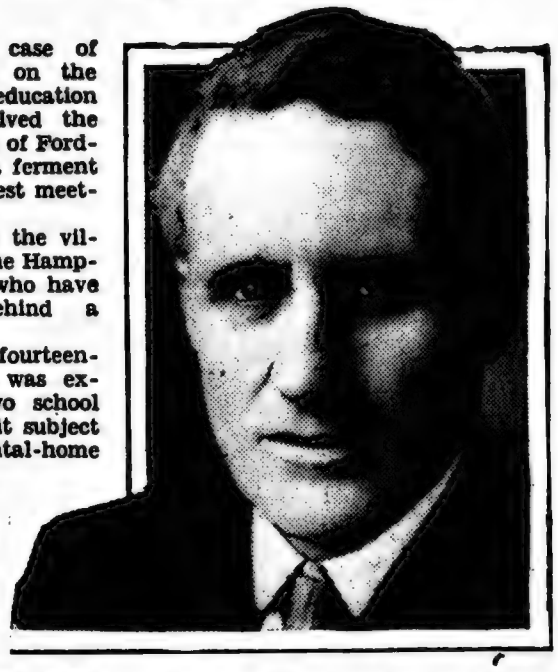
Complaints concerning his ingenious exploits grow in number almost daily. We hope that official action will soon end his happy and lucrative career.

VILLAGE LASS
—base official outrage

AN almost incredible case of high-handed action on the part of the local education authority has involved the once peaceful village of Fordingbridge, in Hampshire, in a ferment of indignation. Furious protest meetings have been held.

Every man and woman of the village are up in arms against the Hampshire education authorities, who have entrenched themselves behind a magistrates' order.

A year ago Phyllis Brent, a fourteen-year-old Fordingbridge girl, was examined and certified by two school medical officers as being a fit subject for admission to a mental-home school.



Sir Charles Trevelyan, President of the Board of Education, should probe this case—and at once

Her mother, a hard-working and respectable woman, refused to hand over her daughter to the authorities for removal to this institution for several years.

Having reared Phyllis for fourteen years, and having nursed her through several severe illnesses, she sincerely and firmly believed that to remove the girl to an institution would be detrimental to her welfare.

Moreover, she would not admit that her daughter was mentally deficient. She looked upon Phyllis as her right hand in the home.

For some years Mrs. Brent has been forced to take outside work as a cleaner and general help in houses in the neighbourhood.

Her duties commence at 6 a.m., and on Phyllis fell the task of preparing meals for the other two children, getting her younger sister off to school and her brother to work. She also purchased and cooked a mid-day meal for them.

In addition, she has looked after neighbours' children during the day, and executed many shopping commissions for their mothers.

These facts are amply supported by numerous witnesses who have known the girl for years. Such tasks are not usually efficiently carried out by a mental deficient.

In spite of all Mrs. Brent's protests, however, numerous demands were made by the authorities for the surrender of her daughter to their care. She steadfastly refused to do this.

A good judge

The next step was a call by a local magistrate, a Mr. Barnes, who had apparently received a communication from the authorities at Winchester.

He saw Phyllis in her mother's presence, and afterwards declared that he would sign no papers for her removal

Following these fruitless attempts at persuasion, the law was invoked, and Mrs. Brent received a summons. She attended the court alone to fight for her child.

She was not legally represented, although the education authorities had sent Mr. Greenhalgh, their solicitor.

Mrs. Brent insists that she was not aware that she could have obtained free legal assistance, and that she was not so informed when served with her summons.

She faced a Bench of six magistrates, of whom four were local gentry, including one woman, Lady Hulse.

Lady Hulse, one of the magistrates who signed the order for Phyllis' removal. But she cannot approve its method of execution

The other two magistrates were the Mr. Barnes who had seen Phyllis personally, and who was chairman of the Bench, and a Mr. Garland.

Both these magistrates refused to sign the necessary order, but the other four did so.

After a few dry formalities, of which Mrs. Brent could barely realise the significance, she had lost her battle for her child.

A few days later, Mrs. Brent received a visit at her place of work from the local school attendance officer, Mr. Maxwell, who, of course, was acting under instructions.

He was accompanied, for some reason, by Police-Constable Crocker. They demanded the child. Once again Mrs. Brent refused.

They then informed her that they could take her daughter at any time, should they find her in the street or any other public place.

This episode took place about Easter, and nothing further happened until June 23, when the final blow fell.

On that morning, during the mother's absence, Mr. Maxwell came to the house, accompanied by two nurses and a police-constable. They had a motor-car waiting in the road.

Neighbours sitting down to breakfast were startled by a child's screams. They came to their doors to find one of the nurses "dragging"—to use their own words—Phyllis by the arm along the path. She was hatless and clothed only in a thin dress.

A Harried Little Home Nest

They protested against the child being taken away in this manner without her mother seeing her go.

In the ensuing altercation Phyllis escaped the nurse's grasp and ran, accompanied by her smaller sister, Peggy, into the house of a Mrs. Fryer. Here, sobbing and panic-stricken, she took refuge.

But not for long.

She was immediately pursued by one of the nurses, who, with a sublime disregard for the common rights of English citizenship, entered the house and dragged Phyllis out again.

The girl was then bundled into the car and driven off, breakfastless, uncomforted and without hat or coat, to the new home which a wise and paternal officialdom had devised for her.

Her mother, hurriedly summoned, arrived to find her daughter gone. Later in the day she received a telegram which read: "Phyllis safe and happy in Larkhills School.—Coates."

Thus the matter stands. Phyllis Brent is in a home for mental deficients. And, placed there by a magistrates' order, she seems to have no hope of release.

Disregarded

The solid opinion of an entire village which has known her from babyhood counts for nothing.

We are in a position to say that the resolutions on this point addressed to the local Bench from the protest meetings have been met by the plain answer that the matter is closed.

But is it? Fordingbridge is determined that it is not.

The village has organised a committee, which is considering the question of raising funds to fight a legal battle in the case.

It is notorious that the working of the Mental Deficiency Act has given rise to countless tragedies. The official kidnapping of Phyllis Brent and the martyrdom of her mother will have a glorious sequel if it brings this iniquitous system to an end.

Weekly Informations— *—from Sir WYNDHAM CHILDS*

I WANT TO KNOW

I HAVE received a large number of letters from correspondents saying that they have been the recipients of unsolicited communications from various firms offering home-employment schemes.

My correspondents wonder how the firms concerned obtained their names and addresses.

I have my own theories, but I want to verify them. Would readers who are interested kindly write to me answering the following questions, which I, for convenience, number?

1. What firm did you first communicate with?
2. Did you do business with it?
3. What firms have you since heard from *with whom you have not previously communicated?*

What I want to get down to is whether names are passed on in consequence of business or the reverse. I will publish figures later. They should be interesting.

* * *

I have just been reading the latest effort of Messrs. Ellmarc Textiles Products—referred to by me in our issue of July 13—sent to me by readers.

It is a document reproduced by cyclostyle. The date, however, is typed in and coincides with the Post Office date stamp on the envelope.

Readers who have parted with their money have obviously not received the communication, so I will quote from it for their benefit:

"Dear Competitor,—As I am about to leave for my holidays, I thought that a little reminder about the 'Dirt Track Competition' would not go amiss.

"No doubt you are also planning your vacation, and perhaps in the excitement you may forget about this, and then be sorry afterwards.

"The last letter I wrote to you I distinctly recall pointing out that you had been awarded the highest points for accuracy, which means that your opportunity of winning the big prize is as good as anybody else's.

"Of course, it is essential that you send in your qualifying order to earn the 36 points, as stated in our advertisement, and what more opportune time can you find to qualify than now?

". . . You will then be able to go on your holidays with the feeling that you have done your share towards qualifying for a prize. And who knows but that you may be successful?

"After all, £250 is a big sum of money, and when it costs you nothing to get it is well worth considering, for you must keep in mind that our goods are positively guaranteed, and if you do not find them satisfactory in any way you may return them to us, and your money will be refunded."

The first sample of this letter which I received from a reader was dated July 9, but the latest bears date July 15. So it appears to me that the Contest Manager is a long time getting away for his holidays. Perhaps, "in the excitement," he may forget to go!

His memory must be extraordinarily good, as apparently he is able to "distinctly recall" that he had written letters to thousands of people pointing out that they had been awarded the "highest points for accuracy."

I notice that the Contest Manager defines what this really means—that everybody has an equal opportunity of winning a big prize.

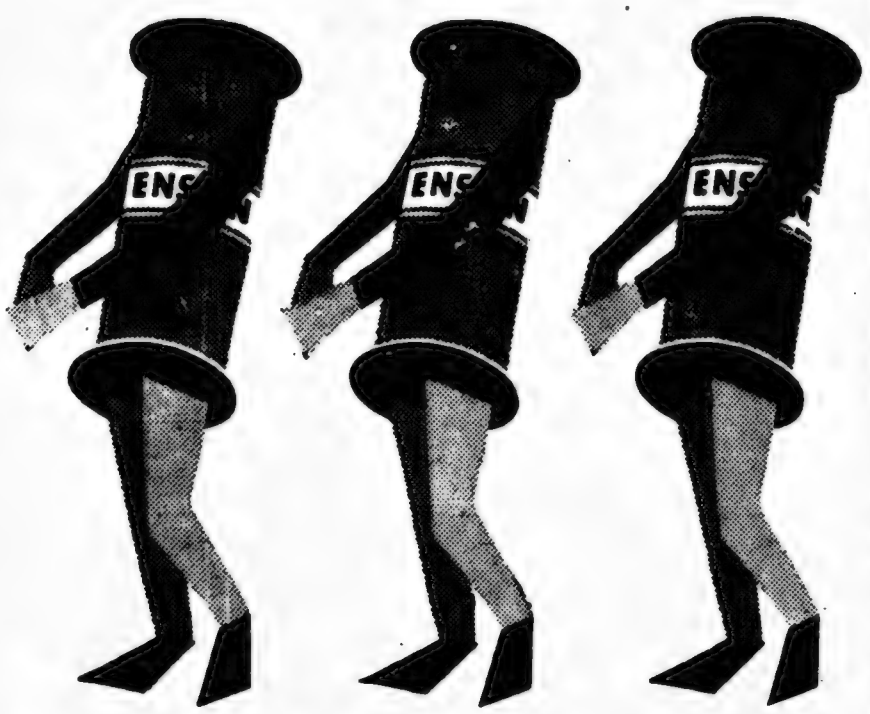
I should say that this is perfectly true in regard to the majority of competitors. But when one considers the number of such, the "odds against" strike me as a bit on the long side.

There are some competitors, however, who, if the judges award the final marks for "neatness, handwriting and general appearance," can never "win a big prize," as they are illiterate.

* * *

I have before me a letter from such a person, which I had the greatest difficulty in deciphering. To suggest that that competitor's opportunity of "winning a big prize" is as good as anybody else's is a cruel deception.

I would mention, in conclusion, that I have received over a thousand letters from persons who have gained "the highest award for accuracy"!



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If you want to *enjoy* photography—simplicity is everything. So don't use films that need to be pampered. Having to fiddle with gadgets and bother one's head with calculations destroys half the pleasure of taking really successful photos. Use Ensign Films—and leave the details to them. Nothing simplifies successful photography like using Ensign Films—the films that are specially made to make allowances.

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4 corns

REMOVED AFTER ONE SOAKING.

What one can do, you can do! The writer of the letter below was crippled with four great corns. Walking was agony. So unbearable did the pain become that she put a tablespoonful of Radox Bath Salts into a hot footbath one evening. After less than half-an-hour's soaking all four corns came painlessly out by the roots! Read the letter:

"My wife and I went out last week-end, and it was agony for her to walk, for it took half-an-hour to do a 10 minutes journey. On Tuesday evening she soaked her feet in Radox, with the result that she was able to take out 4 corns which I am enclosing for proof. After that she was able to walk in comfort to Rainham and home again (about 8 miles), and she was more than pleased with herself. I don't think you can praise Radox too much."

9th July, 1929. L. H., Dagenham.

When you put your feet into a footbath containing Radox, the salts soften the hard outer layers of the corn, and the oxygen which Radox liberates enters the pores, opens them and penetrates further and further, carrying the corn-softening salts right to the root of the corn, which is thus loosened so that it can be lifted out bodily. Since it is the oxygen which carries the corn solvents to the root of the corn, and since Radox liberates, by test, more oxygen than any other salts on the market, it is clear that Radox is more efficient in removing corns than any other salts.

Ask for Radox at your chemist's, price 1/6 per ½ lb. Pink Packet, and 2/6 double quantity. **1/6** *Half Pound Pink Packet*

Radox Bath Salts

Bring quick relief to aching feet.

E. GRIFFITHS HUGHES, LTD., 68, DEANSGATE ARCADE, MANCHESTER.

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The electrolyte in C.A.V. non-spillable batteries differs from all previously known jellied-acid electrolyte, in so far that it is not a solid mass but possesses a cohesive honeycomb-like structure, whereby free distribution of the gases is evolved during charge and discharge is ensured.

The C.A.V. Battery is recommended to home constructors of Portable Receivers by "Amateur Wireless" and "Wireless Magazine," and has the approval of leading portable set manufacturers. Additional sizes have recently been added to our range, enabling us to meet the requirements of all portable set manufacturers, from whom enquiries are invited.

Obtainable from your local dealer and C.A.V. Battery Service Agents.

Write for descriptive folder Q2

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30 AND 96 VOLTS. ALSO SUPPLIED.

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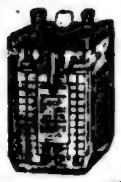


FRANCE *betrays* MR. GRIMSDALE

by A. G. GARDINER

IF I call your attention to the case of Mr. T. C. Grimsdale it is not because he is an exceptional person. It is because his experience is the experience of thousands, and illustrates one of the most flagrant wrongs which are the legacy of the Great War—a wrong as cruel as the shameless neglect with which the civilian sufferers from the war have been treated by successive British Governments.

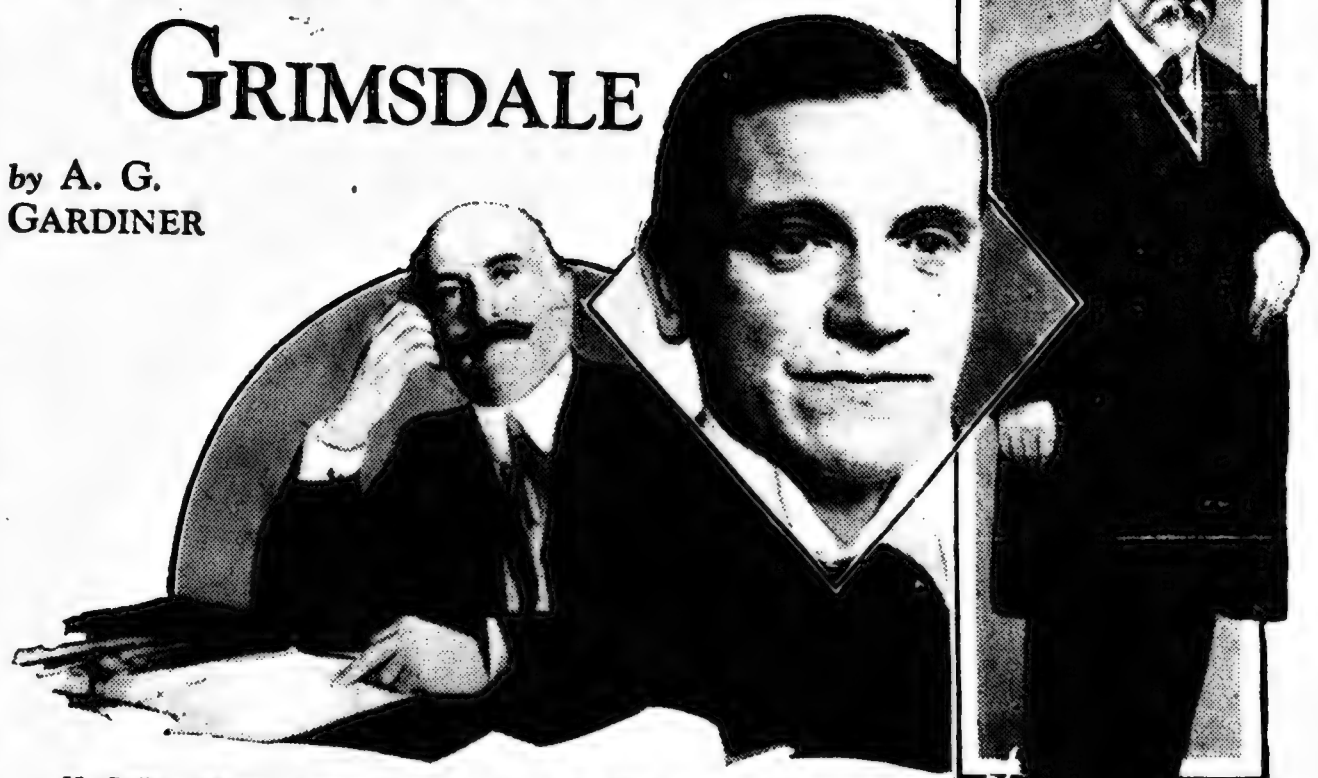
Mr. Grimsdale was an engine-driver on the L.N.W.R., when in 1889, at the age of twenty-eight, he and his wife went to South Africa.

He worked hard, lived sparingly, saved money, and in 1916 returned to England with a little fortune of £2,500, on the proceeds of which he and his wife proposed to settle down to a modest but comfortable independence.

Being patriotic as well as frugal, they thought of investing in War Loan, but their bank manager at Plymouth told them that there was no issue of British War Loan imminent.

But there was a French War Loan being issued on the British market, which was also a Government security, equally safe and remunerative, and not less patriotic in its purpose. They could put their savings into this with confidence.

They acted on this advice, and invested their fortune in this loan.



M. Caillaux, France's greatest politician-financier. He is to blame too. He could help right the wrong

Mr. Shortt is Chairman of the Committee of British Holders of French War Bonds. He fights for all Grimsdales

M. Poincare, France's Premier. It will be hard to wring any money out of him

A second start

As the cost of living mounted, Mr. Grimsdale realised that something more was needed. He and his wife went back to South Africa and worked and saved again, returning with a few hundreds more, which were invested in the same bonds.

Then came the end of the war, the currency crash, the sleepless nights, and finally the stabilisation of the franc at one-fifth of its nominal value.

The Grimsdales were left with four shillings in the pound, and with an income of 14s. a week instead of £3 11s. 6d. They were sixty-eight, too old to begin again, and were left to eke out an existence by such domestic service as scrubbing floors.

That is their position to-day. That, or something like it, is the position of thousands of British investors.

It is difficult to read, as I have read, the correspondence of these old people with Mr. Churchill and Sir Austen Chamberlain without indignation.

That correspondence is published by Mr. Alfred Barnard in "The Moral Debt of a Proud Nation," in which the story of the bilking of the British investor is recorded.

The details of that story are simple. There were four French War Loans floated on the London market, and in all 54 millions sterling were sunk in them by the British investor.

The loans were issued by the Bank of England, which stated on the prospectuses that the issue was made "with the consent and approval of the British Government."

The whole British Press backed them, and gave the investor to understand that it was as patriotic a duty to subscribe to them as if they had been British loans.

They would be applied to winning the war, and the proceeds would be spent in this country.

But while encouraging people to invest in the French loans, the British Government neglected to insist on the most elementary precautions.

Why not sterling?

If the loans had been issued in sterling they could not have been dishonoured without repudiation. But they were issued in francs, with the result that when the franc collapsed and was stabilised at 124 to the pound, four-fifths of the money invested vanished like smoke.

And since then neither the French Government nor the British Government has lifted a finger to redress this cruel wrong.

The French have dug themselves in behind the fact that the loans were denominated in francs, and that the stabilisation of the franc at one-fifth of its pre-war value is as hard on the French investor as on the English.

This shabby evasion of liability is indefensible on four grounds:

1. The French holders are able by their vote to control the actions of the French Government; the British holders are not.

2. The writing down of the French franc was done in the interests of the French nation, and indirectly benefited the French holders. It was wholly inimical to the interests of the British holders.

3. If the French holders had not subscribed, but had kept their francs, they would still be in the same position as they are to-day. The British holders by investing in British loans would have been five times better off.

4. The claim of the French Government, for domestic reasons, to write off the debt due by them to foreign bondholders is a startling repudiation of international morality.

But if the action of the French Government is as shabby as it is cruel, the indifference of the British Government is no less shameless.

It is no use to say, as Mr. Churchill said in his reply to the Grimsdales, that "His Majesty's Government had no responsibility for these issues—they were purely French issues on the sole responsibility of the French Government and denominated in francs without any exchange guarantee."

But it was the British Government that sanctioned the issues. It was the British Government that failed to insist on their being denominated in sterling.

How were the Grimsdales to know that they were walking into a trap? How were the 15,000 British investors to know that by a stroke of the pen the fifty millions they had subscribed would be written down to ten millions?

It is impossible to exonerate the British Government from its responsibility in the matter.

It made no protest. It did not even take the opportunity, when it released France from its enormous financial obligations to us, to put in a word for those British investors who lent their money to France.

Is this scandalous betrayal of our Grimsdales and their like to be perpetuated and unredressed?

Now's the time

If action is not taken now the wrong will never be undone. France is being driven by sheer compulsion into the ratification of French bonds in the United States. The artifices of debt-dodging are exhausted in that direction.

But why in that direction only?

We have a new Government in this country, and a Chancellor who has dared to raise his voice against the "bilking" of the British public.

Let him now translate his words into acts. Let him make it clear to the French Government that we expect it to honour its moral obligation to the Grimsdales and their like who lent their savings to France in the time of her desperate necessity.

Take Your SHARE!

The two happy winners

"IT'S wonderful," thinks Mrs. Hicks; and "I'm just overjoyed," exclaims Mr. Furnish. The reason is, of course, that they share JOHN BULL'S £5000 cheque for Crossword Competition No. 19.

* * *

One evening recently, Mrs. Dorothy Ellen Hicks, who manages a neat little home at 10, Oxford Street, Newport, Mon., was feeling lonely, for her husband was not due home for some hours.

But JOHN BULL was lying on a chair and—"I know," she said to herself; "I'll do the crossword puzzle."

"I did not dream of success when I sent in this effort," she told our representative, "and it was only by chance that I happened to check it with the solution.

"I could hardly believe my eyes, but I dared not hope for such success, because I thought I might have made an incorrect check."

Mrs. Hicks looks forward, she says, to the batch of straightforwardness JOHN BULL delivers every Thursday: "I wouldn't be without it for the world."

* * *

"My workmates at the mill have chaffed me for my love of competitions," Mr. Furnish told our representative who called at 8, Council Houses, Shepley, near Huddersfield; "but the laugh's on the other side now.

"I have entered this competition from its commencement, and I've been shooting 'Bullets' for many years. And now—well, my wife and I are just going to have that holiday we told ourselves we shouldn't be able to afford this year."

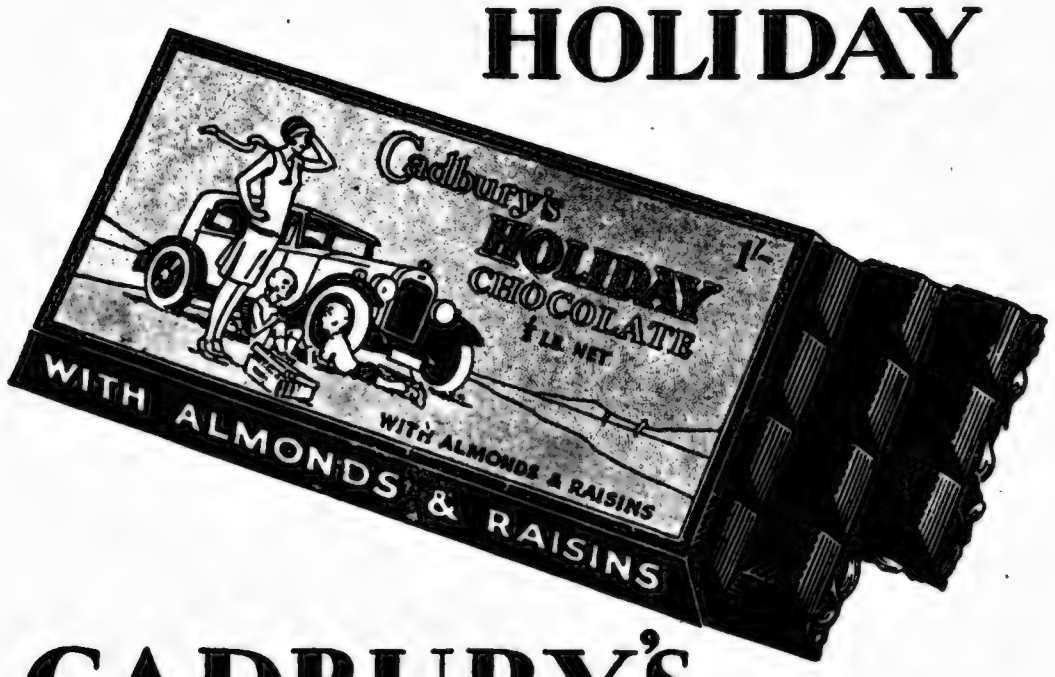
Mrs. Furnish spoke of their hard struggle, adversity and ill-health. "It has come as a right relief," she sighed happily.

"After straightening up, as we say in Yorkshire, we're going to make great plans for our nest-egg."

* * *

Who else would like to be "straightened up" with our crossword tonic? This week's puzzle is on page 32.

Great success of the SHILLING HOLIDAY



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with almonds & raisins

1/- half-pound and in 6d. blocks

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Without Rest, Relapse, Operation or Failure.

THOUSANDS of Cured Patients praise the day they used Tremol Treatment, the most successful Treatment in the world for all forms of Bad Legs. With this powerful Treatment Varicose Ulcers melt away, and even when combined with Varicose Veins, disappear. Eczema vanishes. Swollen and painful legs become painless. Inflammation and irritation become things of the past. Tremol never fails. You conquer your leg trouble in your own home without resting, and without relapse, even if you have suffered for years and all other treatments have failed to help you. Think what Tremol means to you. No more resting your leg.—No more pain.—Able to enjoy life.—Better health.—Your work made a pleasure.—Your legs made well and strong.

A valuable Book entitled "Your Bad Leg and the Reason Why" gives full particulars of this powerful Treatment, teems with sound advice on leg troubles, and shows how to bring about a speedy and lasting relief. Sufferers desiring a free copy of this book should apply at once before the edition is exhausted. Fill in the coupon below and send it to-day to the NATIONAL INFIRMARY FOR BAD LEGS, WARD B.L., GREAT CLOWES ST., BROUGHTON, MANCHESTER, and you will receive this valuable book (published price, 3s. 6d.) by return of post and absolutely free of all charge.

FREE COUPON (WARD B.L.)

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HIS 3/6 BOOK IS SENT FREE TO SUFFERERS

Please send me your new book entitled "Your Bad Leg and the Reason Why," and full particulars of the Tremol Treatment.

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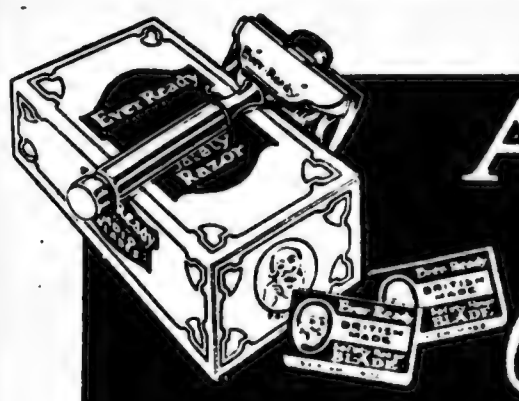

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BE JUST IN TIME

Some dealers are still able to give FREE to every purchaser of a Pears' Shaving Stick or tin of Speedishave Powder an EVER-READY RAZOR with two British made blades.

DON'T DELAY—ASK TO-DAY

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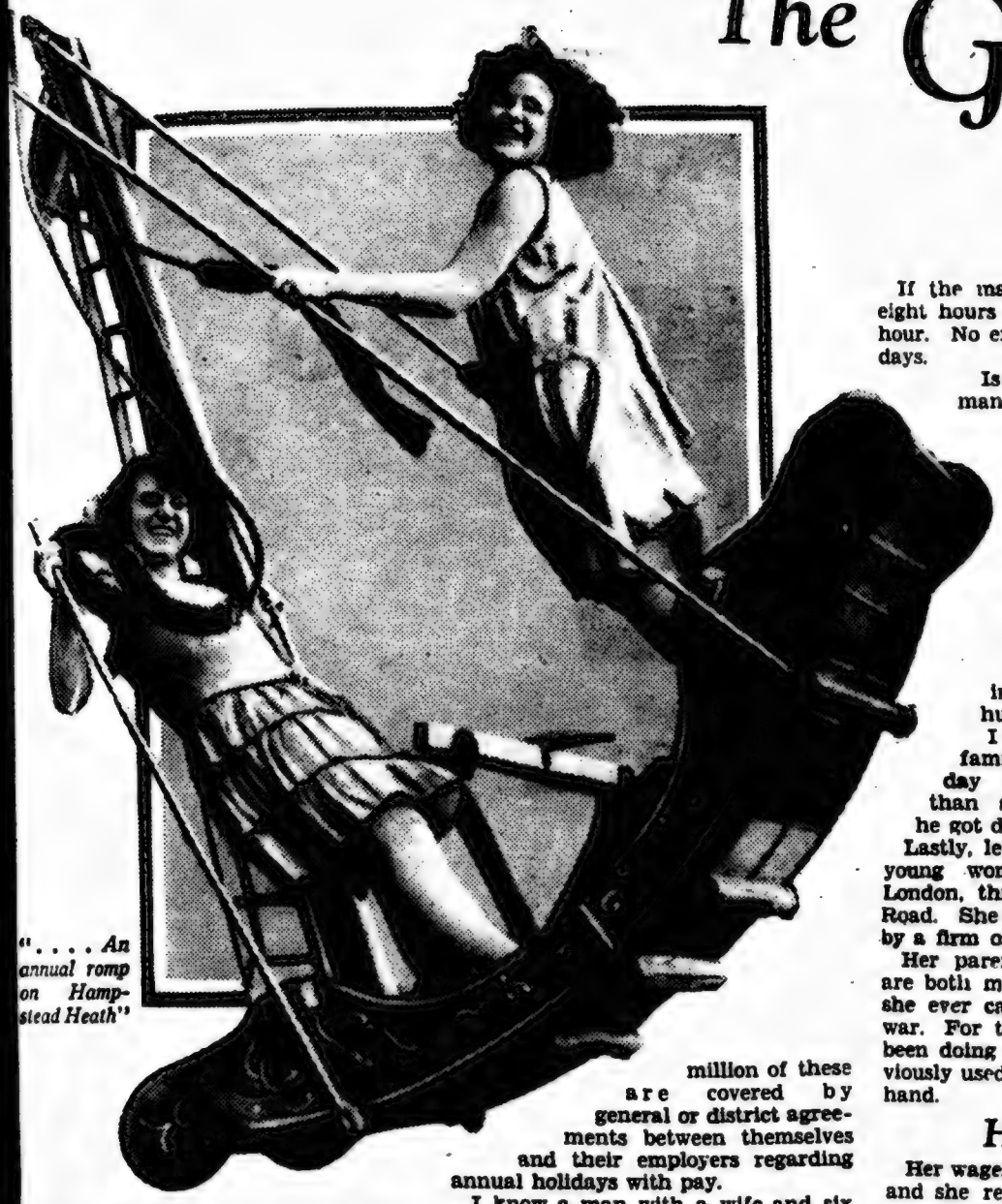
The GREAT HOLIDAY MYTH

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON



"....An annual romp on Hampstead Heath"

EVER since Easter the Lancashire cotton operatives have been steadily saving for "Wakes Week." For one complete week during the month of August the mills will be silent.

The gates of the mills will close for seven days. They will close, that is, unless the trouble brewing in the cotton trade brings a lock-out before "Wakes Week" arrives.

Then, bereft of clogs and shawls, these lads and lasses will dress in their best and catch the first available train to Blackpool or Morecambe or Scarborough or any of the many watering-places within easy reach.

For a whole week they will eat and drink more than is good for them; they will get up at nine instead of at six or seven; they will bask in the sun all day long and dance through the night, just as they please.

It is a pity that the Lancashire "Wakes Week" is not a national institution. Nobody who works in mill or mine, in factory or office, was ever the worse for a few days' laziness.

The tragedy is that approximately only a very few wage-earners are in a position to enjoy such a care-free holiday. There is all the difference in the world between a holiday at your own expense and a holiday paid for by the employer.

Shock of his life

If you asked the first man you met in the street how many wage-earners get a holiday with pay every year, he would probably reply that they all did. He would have the shock of his life to discover that literally millions do not.

Yet that is the truth. There are just over 11¼ million insured wage-earners in Great Britain. Less than two million of these are covered by general or district agreements between themselves and their employers regarding annual holidays with pay.

I know a man with a wife and six children, the eldest of whom is eleven years old. He resides in the Borough Road in the south-east of London. His earnings amount to £2 6s. 4d. each full week, of which he gives his wife £2 2s. 6d. for housekeeping.

He is employed in a nearby factory, where he is paid by the hour. He has had to sign an agreement under which he is subject to an hour's notice. He is paid for the exact number of hours he has worked.

No hope

Neither he nor his wife has had a holiday for years. They have no hope of having a holiday, and their children can look forward to nothing more than an annual romp on Hampstead Heath on August Bank Holiday.

I know another family who reside in a tumbledown cottage at Burslem-on-Trent. The man works three days a week in a coal-mine; his wife works three days a week in a pottery. They, too, are paid by the hour for the exact number of hours they work.

Somehow they have reared a family of three girls and a boy. There is no annual holiday for them—they cannot possibly afford it—and until things are altered there never will be.

There is a family who live in one room off Vauxhall Bridge Road in London. They are within three minutes' walk of Victoria Station, from which, as the hoardings tell us, trains leave for all parts of the Continent.

Whenever they like they can go there and see the alluring posters filled with colour and sunshine inviting them to spend a holiday here, there and everywhere.

The husband earns £2 4s. 6d. a week, less insurance. His wife is trying to rear a family of five on what is left after paying 6s. a week rent for that one room.

If the man works less than forty-eight hours each week, he loses every hour. No exception is made for holidays.

Is it any wonder that this man looks forward with dread to all general and public holidays?

Is it any wonder that his wife is always saving for Whitsuntide, for August, or for Christmas, not in order that she may have more money to spend, but that she may be able on those occasions to supply the inevitable deficit in her husband's income?

I know of a father of a family who has not had a holiday for thirty years other than seven days' leave which he got during the war.

Lastly, let us look at the case of a young woman who lives again in London, this time in the New Kent Road. She is employed as a winder by a firm of lift manufacturers.

Her parents are dead. Her sisters are both married, and the only man she ever cared for was killed in the war. For the past six years she has been doing the work that men previously used to do, and she is a skilled hand.

Her day off

Her wages amount to 27s. per week—and she receives the maximum possible.

If she wants a day off she has to fill in a form of application. If her application is granted the time lost is deducted from her wages at the end of the week, as are all other holidays, sick days, public holidays and Bank holidays.

It is no wonder that she and thousands like her were devoutly thankful that the service in commemoration of the King's recovery fell on a Sunday and led to no public holiday.

It is not lack of affection for the King or any lack of patriotism that makes them thankful; it is the knowledge that their meagre wages were not made more meagre still.

These are all typical people from among the millions of wage-earners who can only have a holiday if they are willing to pay very dearly for the privilege.

Worthiest conference

Not long ago an International Conference met in Geneva to discuss ways and means whereby every person engaged in industry, no matter in what capacity, might call their souls their own for at least one week during the year.

A conference was never called to discuss a worthier and more urgent idea.

No living soul should be called upon to toil week after week, year after year, without hope of relaxation of any kind.

It should be a national condition of employment that everybody should get a holiday with full pay as a right. The Government would do better to explore this problem than to worry its head as to the hours that public-houses should close and open.

It is more important that human beings should be given a chance to refresh and recuperate than to worry about whether it is or is not a crime to buy a half-bottle of spirits or to purchase an apple after the clock has struck eight.

The Human Machine

The Supreme Mystery

NOBODY has ever yet explained a man. Clever people have dissected him, analysed him, described him, docketed him—but they have never explained him. They know what he is; but they do not know why he is. They know what he does; but they do not really know how he does it nor why he does it.

Man is the most familiar object in the world—and the most mysterious. To realise this is a good cure for anyone inclined to be cocksure about anything or anybody.

It is easy to see the limitless possibilities of the brain when we look at men like Mr. H. G. Wells or Mr. Bernard Shaw. We ought to be careful not to sniff too soon at people whose names are not household words. Their possibilities are just as limitless. They may make us look foolish some day. No one knows of what they are capable.

Think, for instance, of the man who takes the "Flying Scotsman" from London to Edinburgh. Who knows his name? The passengers who trust their lives to him never give him a thought.

Yet that task calls for nerve and skill and reliability hard to beat. It is all in the day's work, and the romance of it passes us by.

We recognise the romance when a Col. Lindbergh flies the Atlantic. Yet there is just as much romance, just as much skill, in the pilots who, day in and day out, bring their planes safely from Paris to London.

We never think anything of it. Probably they think nothing of it themselves. That in itself shows the extraordinary complexity and adaptability of the human being.

What is there that men cannot accomplish? He would be a rash individual who would dare to draw the line.

And any brain that can really think may be the one to produce the next idea that will help things onwards and upwards.

Any brain—that is, perhaps, the most mysterious thing of all.

YOUR SUNDAY SMOKING FREE

HOW IT IS DONE

Quite simple. Instead of buying 10 cigarettes for 6d., you buy *12* for 6d. – same size, same quality. That is to say, you buy 'Plus Two.'

From Monday to Saturday, every time you buy a sixpenny 'Plus Two' packet, you take two cigarettes out and put them away in a box. Then, supposing you smoke 20 a day, you still smoke that number, *and by Saturday night you have collected 24 cigarettes for your Sunday smoking which have cost you nothing at all!* If you smoke 30 a day, you have 36 free Sunday smokes, and so on.

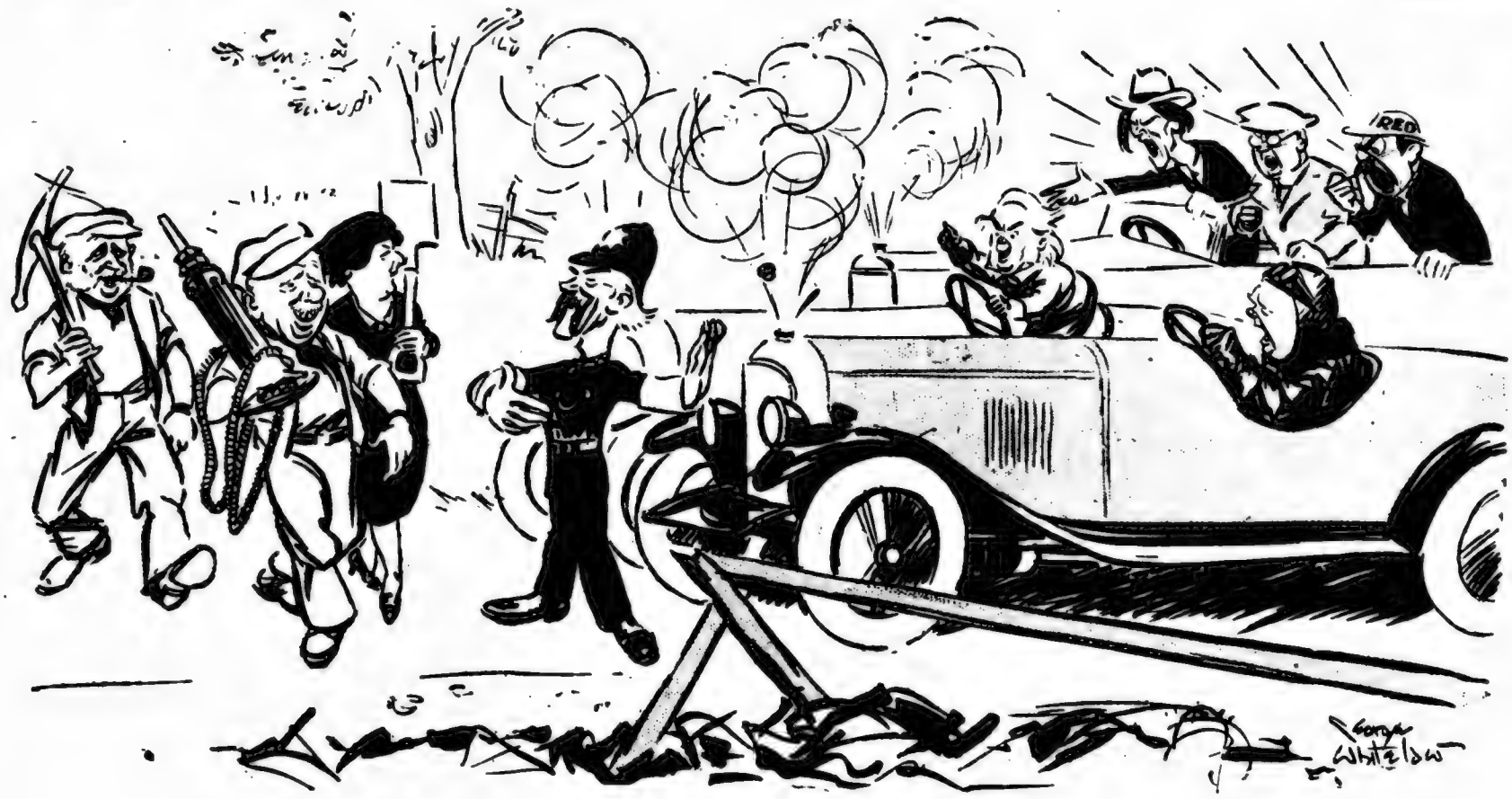
Try it–and discover that

'PLUS TWO'

at

12 for 6D.

are as big and as good as any 10 for 6D. cigarettes



"They Shall Not Pass"

The Broad High-and-dry-Way

Without Fear or Favour—
by the Editor

PARLIAMENT is now on the point of adjourning for its summer holidays, and it is a little disappointing to find so little done towards solving the problem of unemployment.

We did not expect miracles; we have not forgotten that the House has been sitting only for a very short time; but we were surely entitled to expect that the size of the job to be tackled would evoke ideas and plans of commensurate bigness.

Not even excepting the all-powerful Administration of Mr. Baldwin, no Government ever had a better chance of setting big schemes in motion.

The new Administration made a promising start, and we want the Government to come back from the recess confident that it has the majority of the House and of the whole country behind it in getting down to the job.

Unemployment is not a Party matter. Any of the schemes worked out in such painstaking detail by the Liberal Committee would command not only the whole-hearted support of their authors, but also the votes of forward-looking Conservatives.

It is all very well to promise £1,000,000 a year for ten years for Colonial development. Certainly it is better than nothing; but we also want to see Mr. MacDonald and his colleagues tackle unemployment immediately. We want to see things started on a big scale.

WE do not want another winter of misery and distress for millions of despairing and well-nigh hopeless people.

Mussolini found no difficulty in building a great national road from Rome to Milan; why cannot we also drive great national roads through the country, conceived and built in harmony with the needs of modern transport?

There is still plenty of bridge-building to be done. In Cheshire alone there are between three and four hundred bridges which need to be entirely reconstructed.

Canals need modernising and developing, the work necessary to develop the telephone is almost limitless, land drainage and reclamation is of paramount urgency—there are a thousand-and-one things that could be set on foot now.

No doubt the Treasury would block every one of these plans. They would cost money. No doubt, too, the solution is land taxation, which can only be initiated in the next Budget.

But why wait for the Budget? The proper thing to do is to make a special bond issue for the specific purpose of financing these national undertakings.

We did it for the destruction of war; we can do it with every justification for the construction of peace.

No Party dare oppose any practical scheme for putting the unemployed to work. It was the one live issue of the election.

Unless the Government sets out on the road we have indicated without any loss of time, it is not tackling the problem. It is merely tickling it.

* * *

YESTERDAY (July 24) the Kellogg Pact came into force, and its signatories are henceforth bound to renounce war as an instrument of national policy.

Manchuria v. Kellogg

The Pact says: "The High Contracting Parties agree that the settlement or solution of all disputes or conflicts of whatever nature or of whatever origin they may be, which may arise among them, shall never be sought except by pacific means."

Both China and Russia have signed the Kellogg Pact. Why have they been massing troops and issuing threats? Why have all relations been broken off?

Either the Pact means everybody or it means nothing. The eyes of the whole world are on this dispute. It is the moral conscience of the world that is on trial quite as much as the Pact.

There is another lesson to be learnt from the events of last week. The sooner Russia is in the League of Nations and recognised like any other State the better.

THE decision of the Government to raise the school-leaving age to fifteen as from April, 1931, together with a maintenance grant, marks another victory for the ideas we have steadily advocated for years.

We Blush No Longer

We have never tired of preaching the doctrine of a free and open educational ladder which should take all who could take advantage of it from the elementary school to the University.

We have never been able to regard sound education as a class privilege.

The Government's decision makes history; it is a long step towards the goal.

In this issue no less an educational authority than the Headmaster of Harrow School throws his weight on the side of the Government and ourselves.

It is almost impossible to see the advantageous ends to which extended education will lead.

To begin with, there is no better weapon against the insanity of "class warfare." Common knowledge cannot do other than lead to common understanding.

An immediate result will be to stop the pouring of thousands of half-educated children into the labour market. When they do start life they will be all the more fitted for it, and all the less likely to find their way to the Employment Exchange.

THAT the raising of the school-leaving age will create many problems is obvious; but even the solution of these problems will have its effect on unemployment. To mention but one, there will be needed more schools and enlarged accommodation, and men be needed to build them.

But we welcome the decision most because it is the biggest step yet taken to give all the nation's children, irrespective of birth or station, a fair chance.

We have always said that until that at least is done we have cause to blush.

Edgar Wallace on RACE SEC

"Racing ends where it began . . . the mare and a new aspirant for classic honours nuzzling by her side"

"At the end of a long leading rein, he is subjected to the indignity of a dummy saddle"

Young racehorses setting out for their morning exercise across the Sussex Downs

THERE is a quiet paddock at Newmarket, miles from the racecourse, and so far away from the hustle and roar of the ring that you forget racing has any existence. Round three sides of a square runs a neat array of horse-boxes.

But what there is of immediate interest for me is the paddock, where a mare is cropping the grass and a long-legged filly foal is throwing up her legs in sheer joy of life.

I saw her a few hours after she was born. She stood with her legs wide apart, staring at me with big, dark eyes.

Some day she will be a 5 to 4 proposition, and Poland Street will be blowing money to the course for her, and I shall be making to everybody the old conventional statement that "She's pretty useful, but I'm not quite sure whether the going isn't a little too hard."

The dam is a gallant winner, the sire is a great swell of a horse who won important races at Ascot and Newmarket.

Invisible family

He has had fifty children, none of whom he has seen—which, if I may be permitted the cynicism, is, if not an ideal, at least a comfortable, condition of fatherhood.

The great drama of racing starts in this paddock. The wise stud-groom, who is called up at all hours of the night to usher little 4 to 1 chances into the world, is he who rings up the curtain.

He has got his troubles and his anxieties before the foal is born; he will have more for a few days after its birth.

Some of them come into the world in very sorry shape, with bad legs, bad joints, seemingly useless for racing, though they have a trick of growing into shape.

The first year of a foal's life is fairly uneventful. After Christmas he becomes a yearling, and for the greater part of the year has a perfectly delightful time. By then he has grown into something that looks like a racehorse.

There was one great owner who invariably picked out his Derby entries from a field of yearling colts, and chose them by the speed they showed in galloping from one side of the paddock to the other.

But your expert judges by shape and conformation, gives mental points to shoulders, legs and quarters, heart room, neck and head.

To the average man and woman who are not acquainted with horses, one looks very much like another. Your racing expert, seeing three horses at exercise on Newmarket Heath, will tell you their names, because one is entirely different from the other.

Throughout this country and in Ireland there are many huge stud-farms, some of which are devoted entirely to the production of horses which will race in the owner's name.

There are others, like Sledmere, where horses are bred for sale. In all of them the mating of stallion with mare is almost an exact science.

Experiments

Occasionally—and this is generally in the little stud-farm—a horse will be bred experimentally. By no method of reckoning can the breeder tell whether the result of his experiment will be good or bad.

The late Mr. Croker bred on these lines, and produced animals that were freakishly good. Horses like Prospector were experimentally bred, and I think that is true also of Irish Elegance.

In the case of such studs as those controlled by Lord Derby, horses are bred for "home use." They go automatically into his training establishment at Newmarket, and in course of time make their appearance on a racecourse.

For the selling breeders there are some wonderful markets, the greatest of which are the Doncaster Sales. To Doncaster, on the four days of the meeting, go the cream of the studs, and here the high-water mark of values is reached.

The biggest gamble in racing is not on the racecourse, but in the sale ring. The prizes are few, the disappointments are many. I am always amused when the great breeders demand State subsidy.

When you remember that some studs sell hundreds of thousands of pounds' worth of stock which does not produce a penny for the unfortunate purchasers, you realise that it is the owners rather than the breeders who require subsidy.

Dead losses

Sir Victor Sassoon paid 12,000 guineas for Fete. He may have won a race for him, but I can't remember it, and it certainly wasn't an important one.

Gay Baby was sold to the Aga Khan for 10,500 guineas; she may make a good brood mare, but she certainly had no other value.

Mr. Morriss, who bought Manna, also bought Sample at 9,200 guineas. Sample has done nothing; nor did Shiraz, for which Sir Charles Hyde paid 8,200 guineas.

Looking down the long list of horses that fetched over 2,000 guineas, it is very rarely that one's eyes rest upon a winner, even of a small race.

Last year Quarrat-al-Ain was purchased for 12,500 guineas. She is outstanding, because she, at any rate, has won two good races; but Farman Farma, also bought by H.H. Aga Khan, for 9,100 guineas, has done nothing.

Possibly his best purchase was Blenheim, for which he paid 4,100 guineas.

Yet year after year the great owners assemble at Doncaster, and the competition is keener than ever. There are sales at Newmarket throughout the year, and probably at these some of the best bargains have been secured.

Michael Beary bought two horses, one for 300 guineas and one for seventy guineas, that have won races, and one of these, Queen's Orb, may in the long run prove to be as good as, if not better than, the twelve-and-a-half-thousand purchase, Quarrat-al-Ain.

Between the Doncaster Sales and the Goodwood Cup what an immense period of trouble time!

Some of the colts who come up to the sales are already entered in races.

They were entered before they were born in the Produce Stakes, where not the offspring, but the sire or dam is nominated.

Derby aspirants

There is a delusion that a Derby horse is entered at birth. He is not in fact entered till he is within a few months of being a two-year-old.

If you are a student of the "Racing Calendar," you will find races closing which are not run until 1931, and in some cases 1932, but these events are antiquated affairs which have little or no value so far as racing is concerned.

The young horse's trouble begins in September or October, when he is broken. At the end of a long leading rein, he is subjected to the indignity of a dummy saddle.

He has already been introduced to a bit, and becomes gradually accustomed to the strange thing that is strapped to his back.

I have known the training start much earlier, and I have seen the dam of a sturdy foal trying to push the dummy from her progeny's back.

Some horses take to the new and terrifying experience very quickly; others fret; others go wild; but in the end the perseverance of the trainer quietens them, and they carry the saddle, and, before the cold days have come, they will carry a boy on their backs.

There is no life harder than a trainer's. He is up at cock-crow, and, if he is conscientious, he supervises the feeding of every horse in his stable. There are some training establishments where there are fifty or sixty horses.

I confess I have an intense admiration for the little heroes who attend to these wild animals. I am filled with awe when I watch these diminutive lads go into the box and treat a big, upstanding horse as though he were a rabbit. Horses have no intelligence whatever, but they have excellent memories, and the majority become attached to one of these mites. There are a few, however, who will become attached to nobody. They are savages from their birth.

Every horse has an individual character. I know one that would never sleep in the dark, and had to have a light in his box at night. I know of scores who can only be pacified by the presence of a goat in their box.

If the horse is a friend of man, the goat is certainly a friend of the racehorse, and I have never been into a single training establishment that did not possess a goat in their box.

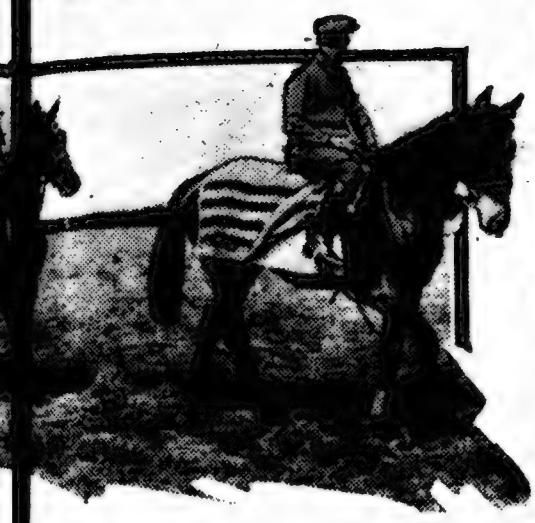
It is difficult to understand what sedative qualities a goat possesses, but at least three of my wife's horses require the constant companionship of a billy.

Early in the morning the horses are taken out. The "first lot"—that is to say, the horses required for races that are near at hand—do their bout of cantering, and then the "spares" go out.

To the trainer every horse is a separate object of consideration. He watches their development, he knows just when the cantering should develop into half-speed

NG-STABLE

RETS



"Between the Doncaster Sales and the Goodwood Cup what an immense period of trouble time!"—This is how they win the Goodwood Cup

gallops; he can tell, without any other evidence than his eyes, when a horse is ripe for racing.

It is a great mistake to believe, as some people do, that all horses in a training establishment are tried before they race.

Some trainers never send their horses the full distance over which they must race. I have seen a horse second in the Ascot Stakes, which is two miles, that was never galloped more than nine furlongs.

The trainer knows that one of the easiest things to do is to "leave a race on the training-ground"—that is to say, take so much out of a horse in a trial that he cannot do his best in the race.

Races are not won on the trial ground; they are won in the stable.

No house mistress watches her boarders as shrewdly and as carefully as a trainer watches his horses.

There are a hundred-and-one diseases which can attack them, and they all seem to be more or less infectious.

"He will travel in a luxuriously appointed motor horse-box."—Here he is entering it with his groom

Devastated stables

Heelbug will devastate a stable; strangles, coughing, and certain mysterious diseases which can only be diagnosed by a veterinary surgeon—and not always accurately diagnosed at that—attack the stable from week to week.

Some horses have nerve storms at the sight of a racecourse; others are so delicately constituted that the appearance of a jockey in colours is quite sufficient to throw them into a bath of perspiration.

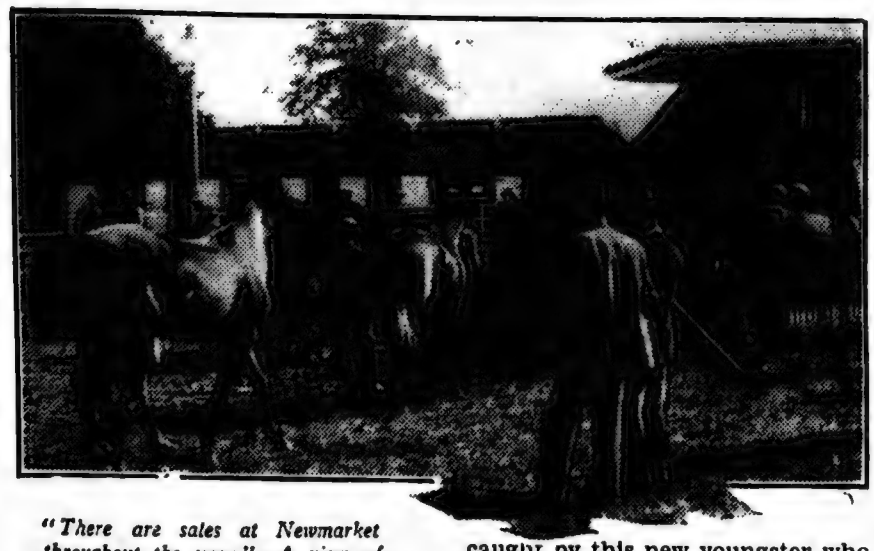
A very large proportion of these highly-strung racehorses have private habits, some stupid and some vicious, which are hard to eradicate, and which are dangerous because a horse is a very imitative beast, and one bad horse in a stable will often corrupt the rest.

A trainer has been interesting himself about the horse's future long before it seemed that he had any.

He has made entries for races months, and sometimes years, ahead, and there comes a time when, as a two-year-old, the youngster has "shown him something for it," and he is sent off to have his first experience of the real game.

He may travel by train under the care of a lad, or, more likely in these days, he will travel in a luxuriously appointed motor horse-box, which will take him to the racecourse stable, where he usually arrives overnight.

The next morning is a fairly anxious time for the trainer. The first symptom of nervousness or physical ill-being is the inability of a horse to eat his breakfast. Well for the trainer if he may boast to his owner that the colt "did not leave an oat."



"There are sales at Newmarket throughout the year."—A view of the sale ring at "Headquarters"

"He is probably unused to being handled by a strange jockey."—Jockeys weighing-in ready to mount

A stable-boy and his mount. One of those goats which racehorses adopt as chums

He may have been roughly tried and represent a good thing to bet on. But the trainer will necessarily warn his owner that the youngster is new to the game and may run green—in other words, though he has the ability to win, he may not have the technique.

He is probably unused to being handled by a strange jockey; the unaccustomed sights of the racecourse may interest him too much, and his mind may be on the novelty of his surroundings rather than upon the business of racing—for a horse has to be taught to race.

How many people depend for their living upon that slim thoroughbred that comes flying up the straight?

There are scores of professional backers, there are hundreds of bookmakers, there are the tic-tac men, who signal every variation of price.

Far away, almost out of sight, a man is watching Tattersall's through a telescope; near by is a telephone fixed to a telegraph-post.

And at the end of that wire is a humming office, into which money or its equivalent is pouring, and which must be transmitted or "blown" to the course; money that has come from all over the country from starting-price bookmakers who are anxious not to be caught by this new youngster who is reported hot.

Another wire goes into the office of a news agency, where a man sits at an instrument like a piano and will tap out the result of a race, to be reproduced on thousands of tapes.

Whether he wins or loses, the colt does put money into circulation. He is circulating money all the time.

His board fee is £5 a week, every entry absorbs from £2 to £25, the jockey who rides him receives three guineas if he loses and a nominal five guineas if he wins, plus the present which every owner makes.

There are jockeys who can earn, and have earned, from £20,000 to £25,000 a year. There are men who are riding to-day with the greatest success who have found it difficult to live upon their income.

Some spectacular win on their part has changed the whole of their career, and from being neglected they become the jockeys most in demand.

Money will circulate in the rings, although such big owners as the Aga Khan, Lord Derby and Lord Glanely do not bet.

How do they make racing pay?

At first sight Lord Derby makes it pay very well, when he stands at the head of winning owners, as he did last year, with £63,919 to his credit.

In four years Lord Derby has won £160,000 in stakes alone. But has he made it pay? The answer to that would be in all probability—barely.

But he makes it pay in another way, as so many other owners do. All the time he is building up the reputation of sires.

There are horses at stud that earn from £16,000 to £20,000 a year for their owners, and that is where the real profit from racing comes.

His career

A two-year-old goes through his career, and alarums and excursions accompany his progress. Then comes Derby Day and the supreme test.

By great good luck he is a winner and a potential money-earner for the stud.

He is kept jealously for the important engagements, and ends his career probably as a four-year-old by winning first the Gold Cup at Ascot, and the Goodwood and Doncaster Cups, and he, too, goes to stud.

And to him comes a matron with an Oaks record behind her, and so racing ends where it began—with the mare in the paddock and a new aspirant for classic honours nuzzling at her side.

Father says:
Daily Bread needs 'Golden Shred'

The Easily Digested Marmalade

ROBERTSON—only maker

BLANFORD'S "TALKIES"—

THIS WEEK'S GRAND ATTRACTION!
WONDERFUL
BLUE SERGE SUIT OFFER FOR 3/- DOWN
COME TO ME . . . AND BE WELL DRESSED

DEAR SIR,
I have created a reputation with these fine Suits. I have already sold many thousands, and my customers are highly delighted.
They are perfectly tailored, well cut, ready-to-wear bespoke Suits, trimmed and made in my own workrooms. Suits that are built with character, and guaranteed to give every satisfaction. In Blue Indigo Serge, guaranteed fast dye. Special sale Price 58/8
I am able to make this splendid offer because I am being supported by the woollen mills who serve me direct, and save a middleman's profits.
Send me your breast measure and height, also send 3/- (no further payment until you have had the suit one month) and agree to pay me 7/6 per month, and I will send you a suit that will fit you perfectly. If you are not satisfied, I will return your deposit
Yours truly,
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The

"Go over there," she said, "to the left-hand 'phone, and ask for Miss O'Gorman, the manageress"

Illustrated by Moorsom

IN the following story, based on fact, I have changed some details, including names, places, etc., so as to avoid giving pain to people still living. In none of the dozen novels I have written have I been able to "invent" anything quite so strange as some of the facts taken from life itself and here recorded.

That Fate can year by year trail two people across half the world, finally to unite them, I can vouch. That behind life there exist occult, mysterious forces, deliberately linking the lives of certain men and women, I can vouch. For no single one of us can escape the thing men call "Fate."

In the early 1900's there lived in an ancient house, in a valley in the South of Ireland a mother and her husband and daughter. This girl, Kathleen O'Gorman, then a splendidly beautiful girl of seventeen, who really did possess the blue-black hair and deep blue eyes of the fiction-writers, was courted by two men.

These two were inseparable friends, and until Kathleen fell in love with Joseph Burke had never had a word of difference. Michael Consadine, a tall, romantic young Irishman, gifted with a remarkable voice and high artistic and histrionic qualities, was in strange contrast to his friend.

For Joe, son of a rich lawyer, was a pale, short, determined man, fond of money, but possessing a strange attraction for women.

But who shall plumb a woman's heart? It was Joe Burke that Kathleen loved, and not his handsome friend.

As for Michael, he, as they say in Ireland, "kissed the shadow" of Kathleen O'Gorman, who had an almost arrogant pride, the true Irish pride. Michael told me once that there was but one girl in the world for him, and that if he did not win that one girl he would die unwed.

Michael watched the engagement of Kathleen and Joe Burke in agony. Finally, Joe and Michael, once bosom-friends, quarrelled bitterly.

"Don't forget, Mike Consadine," said Burke once to him, "I'm going to marry Kathleen. I have the money and you haven't!"

Fate uses strange methods with us men and women. It was the heart-break of Michael Consadine that made him turn to art and dreams of a world-career upon the boards.

His one comfort was Mrs. O'Gorman, who "favoured him," and between her and him there grew a singularly close affection. Yet she could not compel her beautiful Kathleen to love. But comfort him she did, telling him that "in the long last everything comes right, if we only have patience and faith."

And once, when lying on her death-bed, she said to him with strange impressiveness:

"Remember, Michael, I am going where you can't follow, but I shall never rest easy in my grave until you and Kathleen find each other. My spirit will always be with you until that day. Remember!"

They were almost her last words.

Michael would often say to me that after her passing he could often feel her near to him as a sort of spirit-guide. For he believed in such things and had already had many strange occult experiences, for which I can vouch.

I knew Mrs. O'Gorman, a beautiful, white-haired, grey-eyed woman herself, and much that I am writing I had from her own lips.

Soon after, Mr. O'Gorman lost everything he had, including the old house, and died, his wife also dying shortly after, broken-hearted, in a little cottage to which she had retired.

Joe Burke now did everything possible to force his marriage with Kathleen, who, however, refused, for a reason subsequently to be seen, breaking off their engagement.

KATHLEEN, a delicately nurtured girl, now compelled to earn her own living, was forced out into a hard world, securing a position in an Irish hotel, being just able to keep body and soul together.

Michael Consadine was now a pound-a-week clerk near the Bank, but working hard in his spare hours upon his art, though a heartbroken man.

Later, he and Joe, who had joined him in London to study law, "made it up" in a sort of way, although Burke all the time secretly blamed and hated his friend for the loss of his sweetheart.

For some years Michael attempted to keep up a fragmentary correspondence with Kathleen, but upon her refusing to answer his letters, it dropped, and with it his knowledge of her. For she had left her first place to go to England.

For five years Consadine, still pining for his sweetheart, and starving himself to take lessons in his art, remained in his office kennel, never knowing that all the time, within a few hundred yards of him, Kathleen O'Gorman was employed in a London hotel.

Next week—

"NIGHT TIME BLUES"

a true story by

F. E. BAILY

Fate that Holds the Skein

A Real Life Story by SHAW DESMOND

And all the time he would dream of Mrs. O'Gorman, who often seemed to be trying to tell him something.

Kathleen and Michael may have passed each other a dozen times in the streets without knowing it. But though Fate seemed to be sleeping, she was not. She was working inexorably towards her own ends.

Yet even Fate can stumble.

One tentative effort she made to bring together the courses of this Irish boy and Irish girl.

It chanced that Joe Burke and his friend called at the house of some Irish acquaintances. Whilst waiting together in the little drawing-room for their hostess, Burke took out his pocket-book for something, and as he did so a letter dropped from his pocket without his noticing it, to fall under his chair.

This letter brought the blood to Michael's face. For on the envelope he recognised Kathleen O'Gorman's handwriting.

LOVE had no scruples. He secreted the letter, taking it out into the garden later, to find in it that his sweetheart was in London, that she had asked Joe not to tell his friend that this was so or to give him her address, and that she was having a hard struggle for existence.

Why she did so will later appear, but all this suited Burke's plans to a nicety—to keep his friend ignorant of Kathleen's presence and again try to win her.

That night, after replacing the letter, Michael Consadine hurried across the metropolis to the address in the letter.

Kathleen, Michael told me, was terribly changed. She looked half-starved and was very different from that lovely, healthy Irish girl he had seen five years before.

Instead of rushing towards her, he greeted her in a reserved fashion. For knowing her deadly pride, he feared in any way to impose his attentions upon her, especially in her present situation.

Kathleen O'Gorman was a magnificent and true-hearted girl, but she suffered from a kind of fated pride. Seeing him, as she thought, cold, she herself became like ice, and so he on his part naturally concluded that she was as she had always been—indifferent.

WHAT he did not know was that secretly, underneath, the beautiful girl had come to care for him, which was her reason for refusing to marry Burke.

What he did not know was that her reason for asking Burke not to give him her address was due to this, and with it the fear that now Michael would scorn her and her mad pride.

All the fire and passion which she hid under her static exterior had now naturally rushed to meet the romanticism of Michael Consadine.

That night Michael told me he dreamed again of his friend Mrs. O'Gorman, who seemed to be trying to tell him something. A horrible nightmare, he said, this impotence was.

Yet Fate, stumbling as I said, had crossed the paths of these two, but to whirl them apart again—and that for twenty long years.

Michael, repulsed and humbled, now turned to his artistic studies with redoubled concentration, often, through the sacrifices he made for his art, not getting one decent meal in the twenty-four hours.

* * * * * *

During the next twenty years Kathleen and Michael completely lost track of each other. But the thing called Fate had not lost track.

Michael, during this time, and "working like a galley-slave" (his own words), had succeeded in building up an international reputation, and during this time his dead friend would come to him in his dreams, otherwise often confused, to repeat the words she had used on her death-bed. He was quite clear on this point. Also, he was still unwed.

Here was a handsome Celt, extraordinarily gifted, living in the capitals of Europe, for his profession necessitated much travelling, who was known as "the man without a heart." Women of beauty and title made love to him.

But he would not, because of one thing—an old-fashioned thing as ideas run to-day. He happened to be still in love with Kathleen O'Gorman, of whom at this time he literally did not know if she existed, although his quondam friend Burke had told him many years before that she had gone to America and had married there.

The first was true. The latter was a lie, as Burke well knew.

Just over twenty years after that meeting in Kathleen's London lodgings Consadine was making one of his world-tours.

He had had a dazzling tour right across the States from New York to the Pacific Coast, where there was one city in which he wished to appear more than any other because of its noted artistic perception, although there his managers had failed to make a contract.

That city was San Francisco.

Michael, who had been appearing at San Diego and Los Angeles, had, however, to pass through 'Frisco to get to Seattle.

As he boarded the 6 p.m. train at Los Angeles, he felt deeply chagrined at the

"Remember, Michael, . . . I shall never rest easy in my grave until you and Kathleen find each other"

failure of the 'Frisco negotiations. As he went to bed in his Pullman this thought was uppermost.

There was therefore no reason whatever for what I am about to record. Also, for a long period, he had ceased to think of Kathleen in the old sharp, burning way, save at long intervals—if for no other reason because it worried him and upset him for his work.

With his splendid health and physique, he was a good sleeper. Therefore that at two o'clock in the morning he should have found himself wide awake in a moment was for him unusual, but not so unusual as the fact that at the instant of waking, as he stared at the low roof of his berth, he heard the words ringing in his ears: "Kathleen O'Gorman! Kathleen O'Gorman!"

And it seemed to him that Mrs. O'Gorman herself had just been there with him seeking to speak.

Soon after he fell asleep. But the next morning, about ten, as he saw the twin city of Oakland and then San Francisco opposite, he recalled his dream.

So strongly, that immediately he had eaten his breakfast he set out to make a tour of the city's hotels to see if he could find his sweetheart, married or unmarried. For he believed she would be most likely to be still in the hotel business.

Then: "What nonsense! I am a dreaming fool. Why should she be here? Or if here, why should I be able to find her?"

Hotel after hotel he searched, but although he found on their staff registers more than one "O'Gorman," none of them had the name Kathleen. Also, she might have married, as Burke had said.

AT last, wearied and disgusted, and cursing himself for his stupidity and superstition, he went across the Bay for the day, in order to be alone with himself and his thoughts.

It was late evening when he stepped off the ferry at the bottom of the enormously broad Market Street.

Now, I have no means of checking his next statement, as I have been able to do most of the others, but he told me that, "feeling creepy, something said to him: 'Go up the right side of Market Street, take a certain turning (described) on the right, and then the first on the right again, and there you will find Kathleen O'Gorman.'"

"It was not any outside voice," he said. "It was something speaking inside myself. And I, at least, believe it was the voice of my dead friend."

At any rate, instead of taking a trolley back to his hotel, as he had intended, he walked up the broad right-hand pavement of Market Street, turning right and again right. To his surprise he found himself in a sort of *cul-de-sac*, facing him a fine restaurant.

Again that inner voice came to him. This time it said: "Go into that restaurant and there you will find Kathleen."

Again, as he said, "like a fool," he went over to the little enclosed desk to ask: "Is Kathleen O'Gorman here?" To his astonishment, the woman behind the desk did not seem at all surprised at his question.

"Go over there," she said, pointing to a row of telephones, "to the left-hand 'phone, ring up room 477, and ask for Miss O'Gorman, the manageress"

Like a man in the dream in which he began to believe himself, Michael walked a trifle unsteadily to ring through to "Room 477." In a moment, he heard a voice ask: "Who is that?"

"Are you Kathleen O'Gorman?" asked Michael in reply.

"I am," came the answer in a low, even tone.

With that, he, still thinking it a dream or a coincidence, sat down trembling at one of the restaurant tables to order a glass of something and "to pull myself together," as he said.

He then took the elevator up to "477." Getting out, he saw at the other end of the long, dimly electrically-lighted corridor a tall figure—that of a grey-haired woman, distinguished, who came towards him.

IN that moment he knew it was Kathleen O'Gorman.

"Who are you?" she said in that half-light, peering at him.

And then, ere he could reply, she had said in a sort of whisper:

"My God! It is Michael!"

He caught her in his arms as she reeled against the wall and the darkness of unconsciousness fell upon her, as I think it may fall as a curtain at this part of my story, for the chief actors are still living.

It is not for me to intrude upon the happiness of that reunion, brought about by that Fate which men call "blind," but which I, like others, believe to be "all-seeing."

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MEN WHO SAVED The King

by A Special Medical Correspondent

Sir S. Hewett . . . "diplomat almost more than doctor"

Sir H. Rolleston . . . "knows how Aristotle treated shingles"

Lord Dawson . . . "married a rich wife"

Sir H. Rigby . . . "caught on the platform"

Sir F. Buzzard . . . "got his 'blue'"

IT is no secret that all this driving in the open air through cheering crowds, this Thanksgiving Service, and all this standing on balconies and bowing with bared head has been a source of anxiety to the King's doctors.

It is the King himself who has insisted on it all, in spite of their representations, because he wanted to express his thanks for the affectionate interest of his subjects.

But the last corner of the long and tedious illness has now been turned, and his doctors are beginning at last to breathe freely.

What manner of men are these doctors?

I heard of one physician, only the other day, a man of deserved eminence, who was asked—rather stupidly—by a friend why he had not been called to the King. "Because Lord Dawson knows that I would have found the abscess before he did" was his answer.

Lord Dawson's great quality is his sound common-sense. He has no "side," and is as kindly and polite to a poor panel doctor who has come to ask his advice—without paying a fee—as he is to his royal patients.

There is no consulting physician in London to whom a doctor would rather take a patient than Lord Dawson.

He has made no great discoveries in medicine: he is no Lister or Pasteur, not even a James Mackenzie. But he is an absolutely sound, all-round physician, who knows his own limitations, and in whom it is not foolish to repose one's trust.

When he was raised to the peerage and took the title of Dawson of Penn, the local magnates of Buckinghamshire objected to the "of Penn," because Lord Dawson's possessions there extended only to a country cottage and garden of moderate size.

He is a London Hospital man, and performed the first duty of every ambitious young London consultant when he married a rich wife—the daughter of Sir Alfred Yarrow, the great shipbuilder.

YOUNG Dr. Bertrand Dawson got the job of private medical attendant to the Yarrow family when they went off on a yachting cruise, and fell in love with the wealthy shipbuilder's daughter.

For once, the course of true love did run true, and Sir Alfred Yarrow has lived to be proud of his son-in-law.

The Dawsons have three really pretty daughters, quite unspoiled young women—one of them married the hardworking son of a Harley Street neighbour the other day.

Sir Stanley Hewett is a diplomat almost more than a doctor.

He has been connected with the Court since he was a young man, and attended the late Queen Alexandra as well as the present King, the Prince of Wales and other royalties.

Lord Dawson is really in medical charge, but it is Sir Stanley who sees that all the arrangements are carried out. When Craigwell was taken, the various bedrooms in the house next to the King's and the Queen's were allotted in order of rank to various Ladies and Gentlemen in Waiting.

Then down went Sir Stanley and scrapped all that. Ornamental but superfluous pillars of the Court were turned out, and the King's health was made the only consideration.

When pushing and pertinacious members of the Cabinet began to be a nuisance and almost a menace to the King's health, Sir Stanley again came to the rescue. Backed by Lord Dawson, he threatened to take the King abroad unless an immediate stop was put to the fussiness about affairs of State of certain eminent personages. And Sir Stanley won!

HE cares nothing for himself, but only for the welfare of his Royal patient. His fashionable private practice has gone to the winds; but that does not worry him.

He has been rewarded with a baronetcy—and he is unmarried. Higher honours he does not seek and has never sought. He is content to do his simple duty.

Sir Hugh Mallinson Rigby is a straight, direct, clear-minded product of the London Hospital, with one of the sanest minds among British surgeons. He has long been attached to the Royal Household, having been first introduced to it by that great man and famous surgeon, Sir Frederick Treves.

Sir Hugh is a singularly unambitious man, and is said to have been seriously thinking of retirement, though not yet quite sixty, when the King's operation made his name famous.

It is certainly true that the messenger who summoned him to the Royal bedside caught him on the platform of a railway-station, with one foot actually in the railway-carriage, on his way off for a holiday.

Mr. Wilfred Trotter, who was called in for the latest operation on the King, has always enjoyed a higher reputation inside the medical profession—which, after all, really knows best in these matters—than with the public.

For a long time there have been many doctors ready to say that Wilfred Trotter is the best surgeon in the world.

He is a little man, clean-shaven, with bowed shoulders, who looks like a retired butler—an intelligent retired butler.

Doctors say that they have to fight with Wilfred Trotter to get him to operate. And when he operates there are no fireworks; but the job is quietly and ever so efficiently done.

The other day a surgeon friend said to Wilfred Trotter: "Things have been quiet, but they're getting busier again"—for even surgeons prefer to be busy. "Yes, I'm afraid so!" replied Wilfred Trotter.

Sir Humphrey Rolleston is Professor of Physic—as they call it—at Cambridge; but he used to be in London, attached to St. George's Hospital. Sir Humphrey is the typical scholar-physician. If you want to know how Aristotle treated shingles or what Celsus called appendicitis, Sir Humphrey will tell you without having to look it up.

If I were ill, I should like Lord Dawson to attend me because of his sound common-sense; but if I were not getting on, I should like to have Sir Humphrey called in.

Sir Farquhar Buzzard is the corresponding Regius Professor of Medicine—as they prefer to call it—at Oxford. He is really first and foremost a nerve specialist, but is a good, all-round physician, who has been one of the Physicians Extraordinary to the King for a few years.

He plays a good game of golf, and used to be a first-class Association footballer; he got his "blue" at Oxford and played for the Old Carthusians when they won the Amateur Cup in 1894 and 1897.

Dr. Graham Hodgson, the X-ray specialist, is one of Fortune's—and Lord Dawson's—favourites.

Until a few years ago he was a family doctor in Chislehurst.

A tall, boyish young fellow, Dr. Graham Hodgson even now walks casually down Harley Street delivering his X-ray photographs with his own hands.

These, then, are the men who saved the King, though one must not forget Nurses Purdie, Gordon, Black and Davies.

Team-work did it, and no single member of the team outshone or tried to outshine the others. The rewards they have received have been comparatively modest—except in enhanced reputation, which may prove very considerable.

A friend of the X-ray specialist told me that the day after he had X-rayed the King, seventeen new doctors, who had never heard of him before, sent patients to him.

EXCEPT for Sir Stanley Hewett, who receives a retaining fee as Surgeon Apothecary, the King's doctors do not get fees for attending him.

They may receive, and in some cases in the past certain of them have received, cheques for services rendered: but these would amount to no more than those paid by any other patient in easy circumstances.

American newspapers have printed fantastic tales of tens of thousands paid out by a grateful Royal Family to Lord Dawson and his colleagues. They are all false.

The Royal Family is grateful. But so are the King's doctors—for their patient's wonderful courage and grit, which alone enabled them to save his supremely valuable life.

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TOWN that lives on DOPE

No matter what precautions are taken by the consigner, the traffickers flourish

WHILE idealists look to Geneva, where the League of Nations carries on its work, to heal the wounds of a world weary of strife and suspicion, the international dope traffickers of five continents turn to Basle (a hundred miles away) as an unfailing source of those deadly drugs which yearly destroy untold thousands of men and women.

Switzerland has derived world prestige and no inconsiderable material gain from the League of Nations and the Society of the Red Cross established at Geneva.

She must not take it amiss, therefore, if the world views with disgust the nefarious drug traffic centred in the financial capital of the country.

Who wants opium?

Basle is a plague-spot in Europe. Only those who have had actual experience of the internal workings of the dope factories of Basle can guess even approximately the extent of the ruin wrought by the practically uncontrolled distribution of narcotic and hypnotic drugs from this centre.

Here in vast laboratories are manufactured opium, morphine, heroin, codeine and cocaine in quantities far in excess of the world's medical requirements.

Here, if you are a privileged visitor, you will be shown, with a gesture of pride, enormous cubes of these dangerous drugs, each sufficient for the legitimate medicinal needs of a big country for twelve months.

The manufacture is carried on legitimately and with the cognisance and approval of the Swiss Government.

Before exposing the methods adopted by traffickers to defeat the international recommendations of the Opium and Cocaine Commissions of the League of Nations, the position of Switzerland in regard to the limitation of production of narcotic drugs must be made clear.

When these League Commissions were first appointed, Switzerland refused to appoint a representative, thereby signifying that she would not be bound by any international agreements.

A State permit

Eventually, however, she joined But ever since her policy has been to defend Basle firms who are regularly reported to the League by the Customs authorities of different countries as the consigners of deadly drugs. And year after year the Swiss representative opposes suggestions for regularising and controlling the production of such drugs.

The Swiss nation cannot escape the deduction that it rates material interest higher than moral force. So long as its attitude is maintained, so long will the pernicious dope traffic flourish throughout the world, for it is no exaggeration to say that more than half the world's supplies of morphia come from Basle.

First of all, the traffickers are helped by the fact that Basle is a free port. This means that any agent presenting a licence showing he has the permission of his native Government to import narcotics may obtain any quantity without the least trouble.

Then, because the chemical industry is the main source of Basle's great prosperity, and because every official, high and low, is either directly or indirectly interested in it, the way of the bogus dealer is made easy.

Licences and quantities are not too carefully scrutinised, forgeries are commonplace, and immense quantities of drugs leave Basle weekly by rail, road and the Rhine.

Contracts for foreign Governments, obtained by Swiss firms, are responsible for many abuses. For there is no guarantee that the parcels forwarded to these Governments reach their destination without being pilfered.

Eight hundred people are employed in one factory alone.

Great motor-lorries packed with boxes of morphine and cocaine can be seen leaving Basle for all sorts of countries.

Lost—and found

How and where large quantities are "lost" is a delicate problem for the Government authorities of Central Europe. But it is certain that, even if every man and woman and child were a drug addict, they could not possibly consume the enormous quantities despatched to some of these foreign countries.

The manufacturers are powerless once the consignments have left for their destination.

The firms engaged in the manufacture of dope work at great pressure. Literally tons of the most virulent drugs are being manufactured daily, and the output for one year is simply amazing. Little wonder that the League of Nations has a stupendous task.

The directors of the firms are continually on the move throughout Europe—from Lisbon to Warsaw, from Hamburg to Athens. Once the drug is out of the control of the manufacturers, the methods of the traffickers are subtle and varied.

A large touring car, with false bottoms, hollow panels and reversible identification plates, is used by the traffickers to transport dope.

A small army of agents passes regularly through Germany, France and Italy in these cars, equipped with

Dame Rachel Crowdy presides at the League's anti-drug section

false passports and other documents purporting to show the innocent nature of their business.

By way of Germany, great quantities of dope reach Poland and Russia. Drugs go by way of Milan to Southern Italy, whence, from fishing ports, they are conveyed to Alexandria. Via Prague, they reach Southern Europe and Asia Minor.

Once shipped from a port, they soon reach England, the whole British Empire and all the Western World.

The geographical situation of Basle, its enormous tourist traffic and the multiplicity of routes which converge on the town make land transport an easy matter for these wealthy, well-organised dope distributors.

The post is often used, but only for small quantities. These Basle firms send out enormous quantities of samples of medicinal specialities—most of which contain opium and hypnotics—to doctors in Central Europe.

But among their recipients, unknown no doubt to the firms, are many "doctors" who are merely dope-dealers.

The widespread "sampling" of genuine medical men throughout Europe with narcotic specialities is part of the policy of Basle manufacturers.

By this means they are morally responsible for creating new generations of drug addicts; for it is well known that a legitimate course of narcotic drugs is often the starting-point in the downfall of normal men and women.

Among the army of traffickers there must always be a few who grow careless because of past immunity.

Slaughter the beast

Their conviction is the only real evidence the League has of this dangerous trade.

Even the large quantities seized by various Customs authorities are infinitesimal compared with the output of Basle. The League knows the extent of the trade, but remains powerless to control it.

The police of Europe cannot stop the traffic by rounding-up a few degenerate dealers. It can only be stopped at the source, and that source is mainly Basle.

Let Switzerland tackle the problem courageously—reduction of output must be insisted upon—and no nation will begrudge her the glory of Geneva. As it is, the lustre of that international centre is overshadowed by the Beast of Basle.

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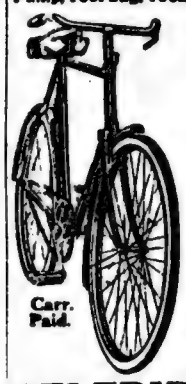

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Eczema and all other Skin Diseases Completely and Permanently cured by this wonderful Herbal Treatment. GUARANTEED RESULTS OR MONEY RETURNED. Every case treated individually with an experience extending over 40 years. Send post card for FREE BOOK sent under plain cover.

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11, KUREM HOUSE, BRADFORD.

CAPTAIN DEATH'S *Plague Ships*

An Import Trade in Germs

HOW much disease is brought to Britain by infected sailors and the filthy vessels in which they reach our ports?

The recent reports of the medical officers of health employed by various port authorities provide a disquieting answer to this question. Plague, cholera, yellow fever, typhus and smallpox all reach these islands through the medium of floating germ-carriers and their crews.

Thousands of vessels, manned by hundreds of thousands of hands, arrive at and are cleared from Britain's harbours each year. They come from every corner of the earth, from lands where typhus and smallpox are permanently epidemic—and an alarming proportion of these ships arrive in a dangerously unhygienic condition.

Literally hundreds of them are as deadly as the tubes filled with swarming disease-germs kept in safes at the great bacteriological laboratories, where scientists work to discover a cure for the ills they cause.

A report was recently issued by Mr. W. F. Dearden, medical officer to the Sanitary Authority of the Port of Manchester. Its revelations are remarkable.

During the past year vessels have arrived at Manchester from seventy-six foreign ports where plague was rampant, from five where cholera was epidemic, and from one where yellow fever reigned. Mr. Dearden's staff inspected 2,050 vessels, 487 of which were condemned as insanitary.

Pity the crew!

That is, nearly one-quarter of the ships entering a great port were potential introducers of death and suffering to England.

By far the largest number of insanitary vessels were so classified because the crews' accommodation was unhygienic. Statistics may weary the reader, but these figures are damning enough to bear quotation.

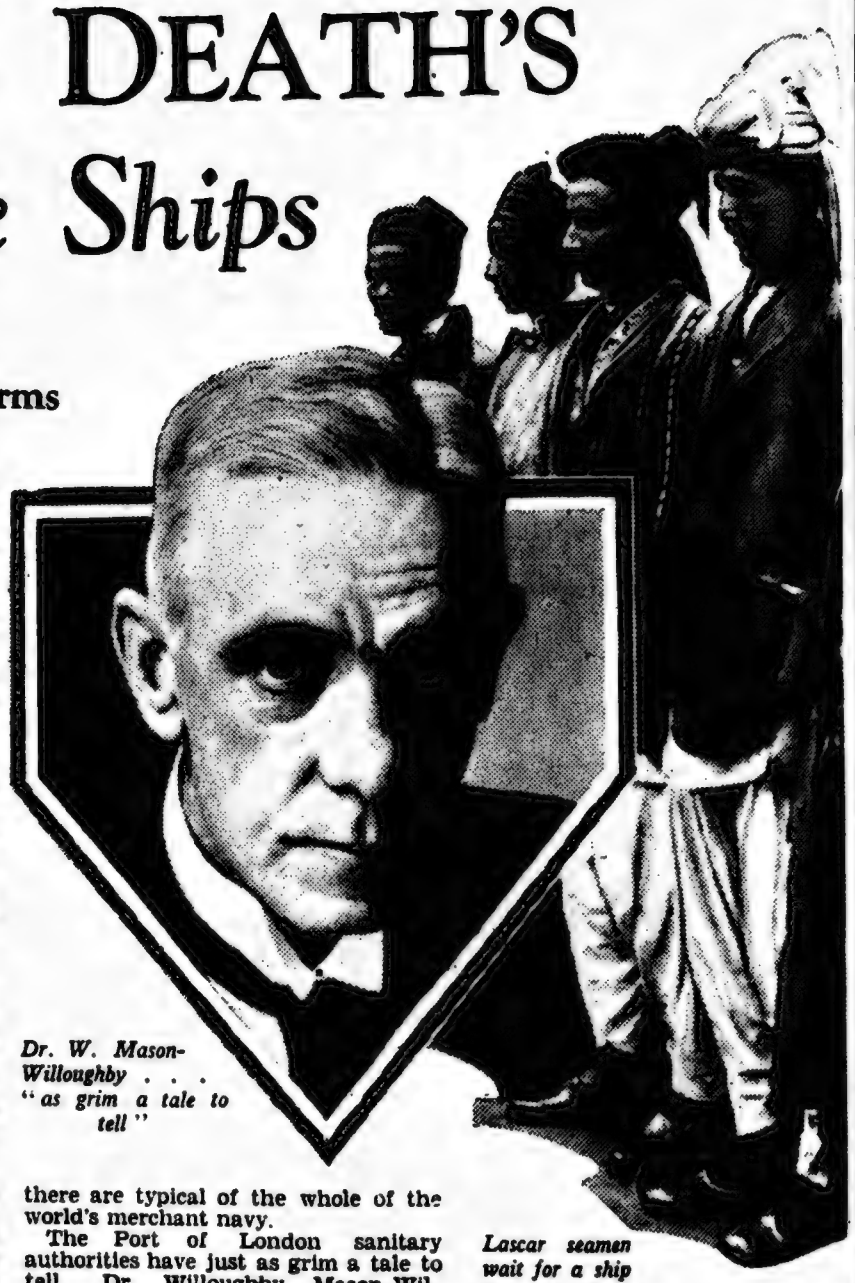
Stagnant, filthy water had accumulated in eighteen forecastles. Drainage and other defects allowed communication between the crews' quarters and the lavatories in fifteen instances. Nine forecastles were verminous; one hundred and ten were filthy; forty-six allowed sea-water to enter them from the deck above; twenty-four were improperly ventilated.

The decks of sixteen ships were foul with dirt and refuse. The drinking-water tanks of twenty-two steamships were dirty. The lavatories of no fewer than sixty-six ships were completely unsatisfactory.

Such conditions plainly call for drastic and immediate reform. It is infamous that shipowners should be allowed to send their vessels to sea in such a state that they are nothing better than plague factories. Such ships destroy the health of their crews; they also menace the health of every port at which they call.

In a recent article JOHN BULL revealed how hard and thankless is the existence of the average seaman. It was then emphasised that though he passes his life in the strong, healthy sea air, the sailor dies from disease more frequently and earlier than any other worker. Here is the cause of his excessive mortality.

Nor must it be imagined that the experience of Mr. Dearden at Manchester is at all unique. The conditions which prevail in ships arriving there are typical of the whole of the world's merchant navy.



Dr. W. Mason-Willoughby . . . "as grim a tale to tell"

The Port of London sanitary authorities have just as grim a tale to tell. Dr. Willoughby Mason-Willoughby, the Port's Medical Officer of Health, lately presented a report which makes shocking reading.

He details the histories of many ships' crews; telling how Chinese firemen have died of cholera; how other vessels arrived tainted with the same scourge; and how smallpox and enteric fever have ravaged the luckless crews of London-bound vessels.

In 1926 an International Convention, signed at Paris, enabled the sanitary authorities of all ports to obtain a degree of international co-operation.

But this convention does not go nearly far enough.

Scourges ignored

For example, though it makes the presence of a case, or a suspected case, of many diseases aboard a vessel compulsorily notifiable at the first port at which the vessel touches, it omits to embrace such terrible scourges as all venereal disease, influenza, many infections of the throat, chicken-pox, measles and tuberculosis.

Therefore, members of crews suffering from any of these are at liberty, unless the port authorities suspect and detain them, to spread their particular infection ashore.

Now, it is plainly impossible to prevent all disease among seamen. They are as liable to infection as any other body of workers. But immediate steps must be taken to see that they are no longer herded together in quarters which make the spread and aggravation of disease extremely probable.

The living conditions of most seamen, except the few fortunate employees of enlightened and philanthropic owners, are deplorable. And the crews' accommodation on board foreign ships as a class is now far superior to that provided on British ships as a class.

Britain owns by far the largest merchant navy in the world; but her sailors, on the whole, are worse housed and cared for than the men who sail under alien flags.

Lascar seamen wait for a ship in London. Such foreign hands have often brought death to Britain

Even the most modern and up-to-date British vessels are often designed without due regard to the comfort or health of the sailor. Mr. Dearden's report thoroughly investigates this question and furnishes plenty of evidence in support of its conclusions.

One vessel, built in 1928, provides a crew of twenty with three basins, a single shower, and a toy water-heater. And, remember, many of this crew were firemen who returned from their work grimy and greasy.

Another modern vessel, "with a large crew and no doctor, has no hospital; whilst a much smaller craft possesses a hospital, but also unhygienic crews' quarters."

What is the remedy for this blot on our great seafaring tradition?

To amend the Board of Trade regulations so that every new vessel laid down in future shall provide adequate and sanitary crew accommodation.

Also that on board existing vessels the quarters are so improved and maintained in a healthy state that our seamen are no longer plague-carriers.

It is useless for shipowners to cry out that such drastic reforms will involve them in expenses which will turn their present profits into losses.

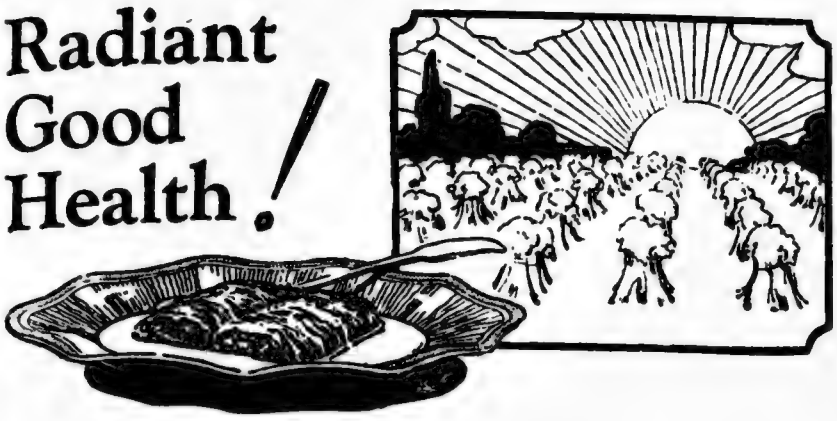
Health pays

Companies which study the health and contentment of their crews have abundantly proved that this policy pays; because their employees are healthy, their ships are more efficient.

It is plainly "good business" to look after your crews. But the majority of shipowners are too hidebound and old-fashioned to grasp this obvious fact.

The Board of Trade must teach them efficiency and humanity at the same time by forcing them to treat their crews at least as well as the men who sail on up-to-date American and Norwegian vessels are treated.

Radiant Good Health!



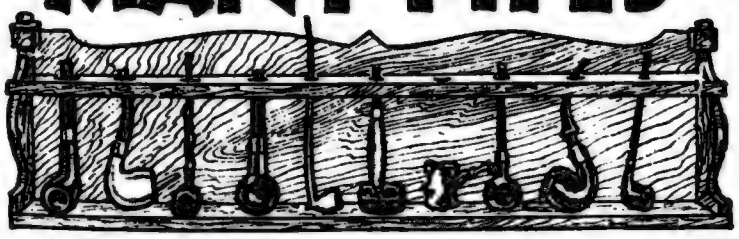
Whether your job is in the workshop, mill or in the open, or whether you spend your days in an office or at housework, you will do well to start the day on Shredded Wheat. It is whole wheat, nothing added, nothing taken away; a complete food in itself, renewing strength and energy and promoting health under all conditions, normal or strenuous. It saves work, too, needing no cooking and is the most economical food money can buy.

Send your name and address on a postcard and a trial packet will gladly be sent. Address: The Shredded Wheat Co., Ltd. (Dept. 26), Welwyn Garden City, Herts.

SHREDDED WHEAT

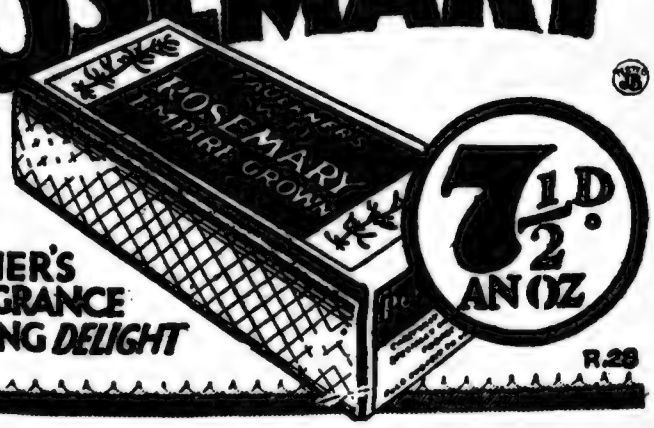
EIGHTPENCE 100% FOOD *PER PKT. (In U.K. only)*

MANY PIPES



BUT ONE TOBACCO

SWEET ROSEMARY



IT'S FAULKNER'S & ITS FRAGRANCE IS ONE LONG *DELIGHT*

R.28

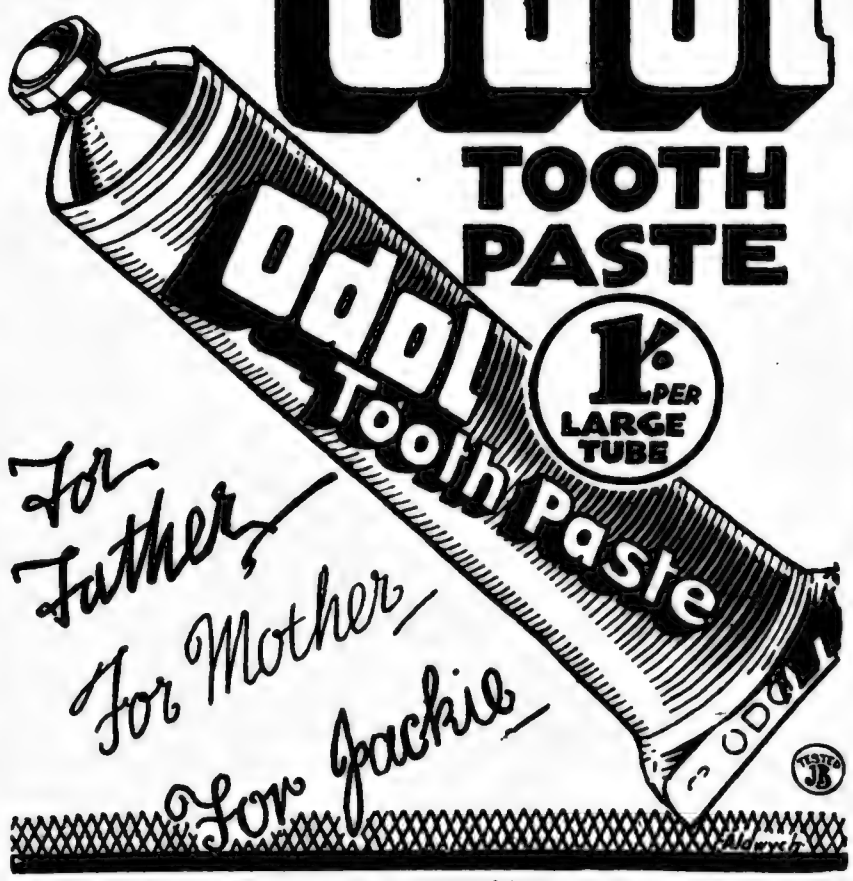
MAKING BEAUTIFUL TEETH A FAMILY AFFAIR

In families where Odol Tooth Paste is used all round, every member can boast a charming, happy smile. Charming because of the gleaming whiteness of the teeth which light it up, and happy because these teeth are never troubled with toothache and decay.

Odol Tooth Paste is the smoothest and whitest of all dentifrices. In six days it removes discoloration from the teeth without damaging their delicate enamel surface.

There are three antiseptic agents in Odol which enable it to destroy decay germs in a few seconds. At the same time they leave unharmed the useful organisms which exist in the mouth and are essential to good health. These pleasant Odol antiseptics linger in the mouth long after Odol is used, keeping the breath sweet and affording protection against the deadly bacteria which we are constantly breathing in. Ask your chemist to-day for—

Odol TOOTH PASTE



Just a packet of Reudel Bath Saltrates, a basin of hot water and ten minutes of your time. That is all you need.

Dissolve a small handful of this in a basin of hot water; rest the feet in it and you will be delighted to feel the effects of this *medicated* and *oxygenated* water; it draws and loosens that corn so that you can pick it right out with the tips of the fingers, root and all. Have a go at it to-night. Perhaps you have callouses. They can be scraped right off with the dull edge of a knife.

RAPID — EFFICIENT — SAFE
Always Reliable

For fifteen years **Reudel Bath Saltrates** has stood the test of practical use, being by far the most widely used preparation for medicating and oxygenating water. It was the first preparation ever produced to accomplish this purpose, and is still first to-day for quality and efficiency. Costs you nothing to try. If you are not thoroughly satisfied with the results your money will be refunded immediately and without question.

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Send for the above book and take it with you on your holidays. It will save you much worry and prove of inestimable value.

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HOW TO AVOID INDIGESTION.

In most digestive troubles, excess acid and fermented food have a tendency to remain in the stomach until the next meal is eaten. That is why intense pain so often follows immediately after eating. Digestive disturbances of this kind can be absolutely prevented by taking half a teaspoonful of 'Bisurated' Magnesia powder or two or three tablets in a little water after eating. This neutralises the excess acid and enables the digestive organs to function in a natural and normal manner, so that the food is completely digested before your next meal. Every chemist sells 'Bisurated' Magnesia at 1s. 3d. a package, and if you will take it as directed you will quickly gain freedom from digestive pain and discomfort.

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beer at home with
MASON'S
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A real delicious drink sparkling and thirst quenching—costing less than 6d. per gallon. Buy a 9d. bottle to-day from your Grocer, Chemist, or Stores.
NEWBALL & MASON, Ltd.
NOTTINGHAM.

How

Pierrette's MOONLIT DREAM

ended in hopeless dawn

SOME years ago I was pianist to a troupe of pierrots, amongst whom was a man, tall and good-looking, who paid me attention.

I was young and impressionable and was attracted to this man. At night, when the show was over, we would walk along the sands watching the moonlight paint its glittering track across the sea.

We grew sad when autumn approached and the show was finishing. Then he asked me to become engaged to him, and I eagerly consented.

He and his companions were moving on to a town engagement when the seaside show closed down. I went to see him off at the station, and he begged me to follow at the week-end and stay for a few days with his sister, also an actress, who lived in the town.

It was a long journey from the South Coast to the North, and I arrived late at night. My lover was waiting at the station, and at once bundled me into a cab and took me to his rooms.

Although I was young, I had enough experience to sense the dreary atmosphere of the usual theatrical lodgings and to realise that I had been tricked.

The landlady welcomed me as the "wife" she had been warned to expect, and I knew that the story of the actress sister was an invention.

Without money for the long return journey, shrinking from the shame involved in explanation, coupled with the real love I felt for my sweetheart, I accepted the situation.

I joined the show in a minor part that was offered, still desperately hoping that our marriage would take place the moment funds allowed.

Eighteen months later my boy was born, and two years after a girl arrived. Then my lover got an engagement abroad.

My plight was horrible. I had to go home for my confinement when my lover embarked, and it was then that my mother learned the true position of affairs. From that moment she disowned me, ordering me to leave my bed as soon as I was able.

My lover, on hearing how matters stood, told me to put up the banns, but he did not appear. He was killed shortly after in an accident.

My children are still illegitimate, and I am still struggling to educate them and get myself a living.

It is hard, uphill work, made bitter by the knowledge that my own kith and kin won't help, for my mother has never spoken to me from that day.

This is a constant anguish to me, making me unable to decide whether I am just a victim or a wicked sinner.

"HUMANIST" says: Your mother is sinning in keeping up her un-Christian hostility in the face of tragedy. You are a victim, first of youth and inexperience, then of circumstances.

Keep the facts of your frustrated hopes to yourself, and when your children's education is completed they must try to repay you for your years of sacrifice on their behalf.

HERE you read some tough problems of real life, and the solutions that "HUMANIST" proposes for them. Each one came from a perplexed man or woman. One day you, too, will be up against a difficulty which you cannot face alone. "HUMANIST" will deal with it through the post. Send a stamped, addressed envelope. For the three most poignant documents published the Editor will pay £2 2s., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d

HUMAN DOCUMENTS

LIKE FATHER
like sons?

I AM the eldest girl in a family of four. We had a darling mother, who has brought us up in the belief that father was dead.

The truth is that he is a waster, who spends his time between periods of wrongdoing and detention in prison.

I left school to go to a situation in a solicitor's family, helping mother until my two brothers left college with flying colours. Both now hold important official positions.

A few nights ago my employer's door-bell rang, and I opened the door to find myself face to face with my father. This I did not know at the time, nor did my father, of course, know me. I found out when I accidentally heard my employer discussing his case with another lawyer, his partner.

Now I find, on indisputable evidence, that there is "another woman in the case" with children older than we are. This awful problem confronts me. Is mother or this other woman "wife," and what is our position?

I feel sure my father neither knows nor cares of our whereabouts, but what if his criminal tendencies reappear in my brothers?

Do not you think I ought to acquaint mother of my discovery and consult with her as to what is best to be done?

"HUMANIST" says: No, I don't. In view of the long and gallant fight put up by your mother against long odds, how can you even dream of upsetting her?

Keep your own counsel and forget your father's chance appearance. As for your brothers, the passing on of "criminal tendencies" is all bunk.

They have profited hitherto from your mother's wise upbringing; so why should they suddenly go wrong?

IT'S AN AMAZON
he married

I AM that most contemptible creature, a henpecked husband. Small and undeveloped, I reached manhood completely lacking in self-confidence and initiative, with a timorous dread of violence and a nature willing to sacrifice much for peace and quietness.

It must, therefore, have been a perfect whimsy of Fate that led me to court and marry a hefty lass chosen for strength to do a man's work in the local foundry while the males were away with the colours.

Within a month of our wedding I realised that money was my wife's god, and my ability to make it, plus the capital I had at my back, had been my sole attraction in her eyes.

When, a year or two later, I lost a good chance of a higher-paid post, my life became unbearable—my wife turned into a shrill, foul-mouthed shrew. A word from me asserting authority in even the slightest direction would throw her into an ungovernable fury.

In her paroxysms she would snatch up anything handy to throw at me, and she didn't always miss. . . .

So it has gone on for thirteen years.

Now that I have no courage left to stand up to her, my wife's attitude towards me is one of cool contempt. Often I return from work to a cold hearth with no meal prepared, or to discover that she has gone out and locked up the house.

It was on one of these occasions, as I paced up and down outside the door, that a neighbour, a spinster dressmaker, took pity on my plight and invited me to share a cup of tea by her own bright fireside.

Her gentleness seemed to unlock something within my own breast and her understanding sympathy was like a healing balm.

Our friendship has continued, ripening into love. She is willing to sacrifice everything now to throw in her lot with me.

But can I accept such a gift? I am sorely tempted, God knows, to try to wrest a little happiness from life before it is too late, but I would rather kill myself than drag this dear woman into misery.

"HUMANIST" says: Then resist the temptation. "The mind's the measure of the man," and if you rise to the full height of a man's moral stature you will not only keep a key of your house in your own pocket, but be able to show your wife that you mean to be master in it.

At present she is merely taking advantage of your cowardice.

Homely Wisdom by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

Frustration

"Dean Inge rightly says . . ."

ONE of my most frequent experiences as a preacher is that of hearing from people who feel that they have been cheated of the good they expected from life.

They have hoped and toiled and striven in vain. Again and again they have seemed on the point of attaining the object of their desires and sacrifices only to find it snatched away from them.

In some cases it would almost seem as though a malignant power were on the watch to dash down the cup of success every time they raised it to their lips.

I know people to-day—hard-working, conscientious, kind-hearted—who, for one reason or another, have never got what one feels they deserve, or they have got it only to lose it again through no fault of their own.

One old friend of mine tells me that he has been deceived so often by what looked like good luck that nowadays when a promising opening presents itself his first impulse is to look for the catch in it.

If things are going brightly, he says to himself: "I wonder what nasty jar Fate is getting ready for me now."

I do not say he is right to envisage his prospects in this doleful manner; but I can well understand it, knowing what a succession of disappointments he has had to endure.

And do we not all know sad and lonely folk whom everyone respects, but who somehow never manage to find quite their right place in life or the sort of companionship that would satisfy them?

We say of them: "So-and-so seems too good for that job or to be under the orders of such a chief"; or "What a pity So-and-so could not have married the man who wanted her twenty years ago"; or "That unfortunate illness just barred So-and-so's way to a position for which he would have been far more suitable than the man who obtained it over his head."

All this may be true, but there is another way of looking at the puzzle. As Dean Inge rightly says, a broad mind is not much restricted by a narrow sphere. We are less dependent upon circumstances than we are apt to think.

It is wise to cultivate a spirit of contentment and cheerfulness when things go awry, and not to allow our longing for any external good to obtain too great a hold upon us.

Character is evolved by struggle, and our real gains are not to be measured by the label we wear.

Bubbling with joy

Gibbs Dentifrice means sparkling eyes and sparkling teeth

Health is robust when teeth are sound and are kept perfect by Gibbs Dentifrice. The fragrant foam sweeps away everything that might cause decay, even from the deep and difficult crevices where the tooth-brush cannot reach.

All love that clean wholesome taste—children and grown-ups, too. All delight in the pearly lustre Gibbs Dentifrice imparts to teeth as it polishes surely, yet safely.

All feel better for the tonic effect of Gibbs Dentifrice upon the mouth. Refreshed gums are firm and rosy. No one who is wise is without that handy little case of Gibbs Dentifrice.

Gibbs Dentifrice

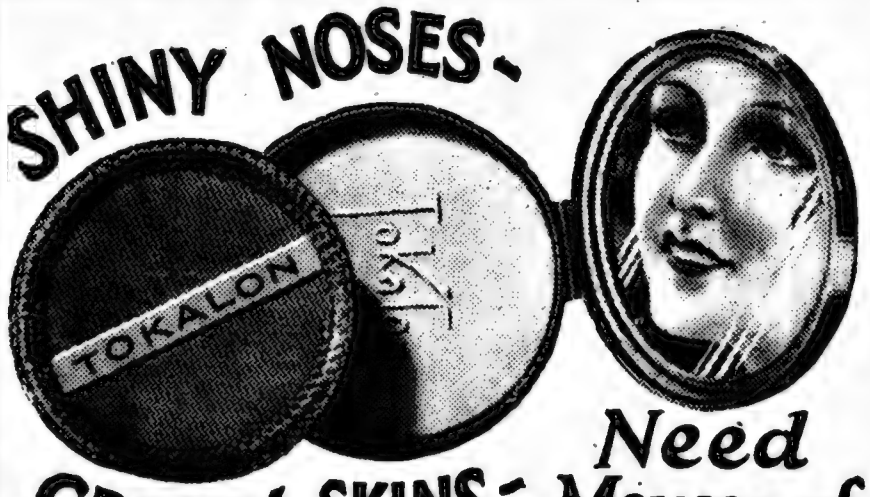
BRITISH MADE

Large size - 1/-
De Luxe - 1/6
Refills - - 11d.

Popular size, 7½d.
Tubes, 6d. and 1/-
These prices do not apply in Irish Free State.

GD 178

SHINY NOSES.



GREASY SKINS - Need *Mousse of Cream*

A new ingredient in face powder has solved the problem of a shiny nose and glistening skin. This ingredient is *Mousse of Cream*. It gives a wonderfully soft and attractive *natural* bloom to the complexion, with never a trace of shine.

Heated ballrooms, a hot sun, rain, gusty winds, or the exertions of dancing, tennis and other active sports will not cause your face to shine—*provided* your powder contains *Mousse of Cream*.

Mousse of Cream makes powder lighter—makes it finer—makes it stay on twice as long. It also prevents the powder from absorbing the natural oils of the skin. Thus, the skin never becomes dried up, coarse-pored, rough, or wrinkled for want of these softening and beautifying natural oils.

Mousse of Cream (a patented process) can only be obtained in Poudre Tokalon. It is why this powder is so widely used. It is why Poudre Tokalon stays on so much longer, goes on so evenly, and why your skin always looks so marvellously smooth and completely free from shine after using it.

Try Poudre Tokalon. It is *pure*. It is *inexpensive*. It is *guaranteed* to give satisfaction. You will find it is truly the *perfect* face-powder. Eight Powder Shades and four Rouge Tints to choose from.

Free Trial.—De-luxe sample outfit of Poudre Tokalon in various shades and Creme Tokalon Skin Foods for both day and night use sent on receipt of 3d. in stamps (to cover postage and packing, etc.). Tokalon Ltd. (Dept. 8S), 212-214, Great Portland Street, London, W.1.

1/- a box. Compacts 1/3.

JB

Cuticura Soap

Mother's Favorite

for all the family

CLEANSES and purifies the skin and when used daily, assisted by Cuticura Ointment as needed, it prevents little skin and scalp troubles from becoming serious.

Soap 1s. Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d.
Talcum 1s. 3d. Sold everywhere.
For sample each address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd. 31, Banner Street, London, E. C. 1.
Cuticura Shaving Stick 1s. 3d.

JB

The Daily Chronicle

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Our Letter Parliament

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited, as also are letters on any topic about which you feel strongly. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Mark envelopes "Letter Parliament." Letters must reach us by first post on Tuesday, July 30.

The Tales He (She) Told at the Sea-side

The Meanest Man I've Known

THE following incident actually happened at a local garage, but, to be discreet, I have suppressed the names.

Lord ——, who, in Leicestershire slang, would be called a "hunting toff," called at a garage for petrol. He handed the attendant a certain amount which was a halfpenny too much.

The attendant went to the office to get the change, but, on returning, Lord —— had gone.

Half an hour later the chauffeur drove up and said that Lord —— had sent him for his change.—*"Anon.," Leics.*

Not a Leg to Stand On

My pal and I were employed in our town as mason's labourers. My pal was suffering terribly from lumbago and rheumatism, and had to rest on his barrow at intervals.

The foreman noticed this one day, and told my friend, with a smile, that he would stop his resting.

The next day we found that the legs of his barrow had been sawn off.

When I told the foreman that he was the meanest man I had ever met, he gave me the sack.—*"Labourer," Glam.*

Baby Suffered

Soon after my husband was killed in the war, his friend came to see me, bringing his brother with him. Before he left he gave my baby, then eighteen months old, half a crown, with the remark that it would help to buy her a pair of shoes.

The brother called the baby to him and changed the half-crown for a penny. I saw this done, but was afraid to say anything because of causing trouble between the brothers.—*F. A. B., Bermondsey.*

Price of Loyalty

It was in the dark days of our beloved King's illness. I was motoring through a Yorkshire village when I noticed a large crowd of people ahead.

I drew in, and found that the people had gathered there to listen to the latest bulletin from a radio set that I could now see and hear at an open window at the bottom of a garden.

The magic words "The King" ultimately came through, and there was silence for some few minutes.

Deeply interested myself, I waited. Then, to my disgust, the owner of the set sallied forth, paper in hand, demanding a penny to look at this, the latest report.—*B. R. A., Sheffield.*

Paneful Profit

I was once an assistant-master in a private school where the pupils numbered about 200.

One day a pane of glass was broken by one of the boys, and as the head could not discover the culprit, he debited the cost of that pane on every one of the bills of those 200 boys.—*Charles Wilson, Preston.*

A Miser—but a Man

He neither smokes nor drinks, and has no pleasures. Though he hides his meanness as much as possible, people taunt him and call him a miser.

They know how much he earns and how much he spends; they are the "know-alls."

What they do not know, however, is that the "miser" keeps an aged mother and father in the country and his motherless son at a public school.—*S. F., Liverpool.*

Robbing a Dead Mate

A couple of years ago, in the colliery where I am employed, a miner working on the afternoon shift was killed.

Before descending the mine he called at the office for his week's wages, and this was in his pocket when he was killed. When the body was brought home, his wages were missing.

The "man" who would rob a corpse is the meanest man I have known.—*A. M., Caerphilly.*

Funeral Expenses

I went to work for my uncle when I was thirteen years old for 2s. per week. After working for him for five years, I was getting 5s. a week.

My aunt died, and I went to the funeral. At the end of the week my uncle stopped me 5d. for the time that I lost in going to the funeral.—*"Truth," Hants.*

Postman's Knock

A poor but kind old woman, who received very few letters, always puts by sixpence for the postman as his Christmas-box.

Often it would be months before she received a visit from him, but the first time he called he would receive this gift.

As this postman was leaving the district after the Christmas rush, he sent the woman an unsigned postcard, so that he could collect the sixpence.—*Reg. No. 32,838, Notts.*

Lending a Marrow

At one time I was a church steward, and at a harvest festival a man offered to bring an especially large marrow, but with this provision: "I must have this marrow back when the festival is over, because my wife intends to make jam of it."

He was not a poor man, and this was only one of his mean acts.—*Steward, Falmouth.*

Roundabouts and Swings

A "man" in a comfortable position has allowed his widowed mother a couple of shillings a week for some years.

In addition, she has a small income from a little property. She has several daughters far less comfortably placed than he.

A kindly action? Ah, yes; but he persuaded her to make her will—and every penny has to be repaid to him before anyone else gets a cent.—*"Disgusted," York.*

Cold Feet

A miserly old bachelor, who had saved a good bit, lived next door to a poor widow, who had a terrible struggle to keep body and soul together.

The widow's fireplace was built into the wall that separated the bachelor's room from hers.

The miser was too mean to purchase coal, but on cold nights put his stockinged feet against the wall which was warmed by the widow's fire.—*London Scot.*

Oh, Those Sergeants!

We were on board ship, bound for India, on leave from Mesopotamia. One morning I found a belt full of rupee notes. I handed it into the orderly-room, leaving my name.

Later on I was sent for, and the officer handed the belt to a sergeant, telling him I was the man who had found it.

The sergeant said "Thank you," and was walking out when the officer asked if that was all the thanks that I deserved. The sergeant said, "Yes! It is his duty to return it."

The officer gave me £1 out of his own pocket.—*H. K., Hinckley.*

* * *

Letters in Little

A man came before the court recently pleading his illegitimacy as an excuse for not contributing towards his mother's support, thus doubly betraying her.—*L. M., Gloucester.*

At the age of nineteen I met my first young man. We walked out for five years, meeting twice a week. The only thing he gave me was a bunch of violets grown in his own garden.—*M. C., Bristol.*

His favourite hobby is collecting free samples, falsely representing himself as a builders' contractor. He scrounged a tin of enamel to repaint the identification plate on his motor-cycle.—*J. L., Battersea.*

In cases of distress he refuses to subscribe if the recipient is not teetotal, and, if he is, he considers that he should have a certain sum put by for the proverbial rainy day.—*B. K., Warwick.*

He had a gramophone given him, and is afraid to use it. He does not believe in spending sixpence on a box of needles.—*P. B., Durham.*

He wears a pair of braces that he bought fifteen years ago. They are repaired with pieces of string.—*"Wonderer," Southampton.*

He would not see anyone starve. He would rather shut his eyes.—*E. E. P., Mon.*

My husband deserted me four years ago, leaving me with two young children to support, and taking with him everything, even the milkman's money.—*E. W., London.*

He told his young son the penny-in-the-slot gas-meter was a savings-bank.—*H. R., Oldham.*

Race with "Silver Ring"

Bank on Clear Cash

I AM making Owen Anthony and his horses the feature of my notes this week, as I think we may see his name in the limelight when the result of the Goodwood Stakes is known.

Clear Cash, the four-year-old whom he trains for Sir John Grey, has an excellent chance of picking up this long-distance prize, and is also one to bear in mind when the Cesarewitch comes along.

Perhaps slightly overshadowed in the saddle by his brothers, Jack and Ivor, Owen was a great rider over country until Mr. Avoirdupois stepped in and caused his retirement from this branch of the game, but he soon took up training.

A few years back he set the seal on his career by capturing the Grand National—won it, too, with a 'chaser considered by many backers a "crock," for in the Hurst Park Four Mile 'Chase—one of the Aintree test races—Music Hall cut himself badly, and it was odds against his trainer getting him ready

Ivor and Jack Anthony both rode in the race, but their mounts came to grief. Jack was on Clashing Arms, owned by a fourth brother, Colonel Anthony.

At the moment Owen has charge of a few flat racers and a number of jumpers. Clear Cash—good at both codes—is easily the pick of the stable.

Due for the limelight

The colt was an unknown quantity until he commenced winning over the sticks last season.

After two or three races had come his way, it transpired that, owing to a flaw in registering a transfer, he was ineligible to compete for the prizes he had won.

Fortunately for his backers, the N.H. Stewards allowed the results to stand.

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE

The code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, July 25, to Wednesday, July 31.

5	I	M	X	L	T	4	A	K	E	B	P	W	O	G
R	S	N	3	H	U	J	7	Q	Z	V	F	C	Y	D

In place of the Code letters printed in the *Sporting Life* read the one above or below, as the case may be. UYNNO7UQSMI would read TOMMY ATKINS.

"SILVER RING"

OLD LADY—"That young man must be a very 'eavy smoker!"

PLAYER'S "MEDIUM" NAVY CUT CIGARETTES **10** *for* **6d.** **20** *for* **11½d.** *Also* **5** *for* **3d.**

N.C.C.669

INSECT BITES

The first application of D.D.D. Prescription, the soothing, cooling lotion, affords prompt relief. Irritation and swelling give way to coolness and ease, and the poison left by the insect is at once neutralised. Occasional applications of D.D.D. Prescription during the Summer Months, when the intolerable itch from the bites of mosquitoes and other insects causes so much pain and discomfort, will keep you free from these pests.

Mrs. M.B., of Evesham, writes:—I am a victim every Summer of mosquito and gnat bites, which produce the most painful irritation and swelling, and I find your D.D.D. Prescription is the finest remedy I can apply. I always carry a bottle with me when out of doors

D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION is obtainable at all Chemists and Drug Stores, 1/6 and 3/- per bottle.

WHY SUFFER. GET A BOTTLE TO-DAY.

A generous FREE Sample Bottle can be had by sending a postcard to the D.D.D. Co. M.W.N., FLEET LANE, LONDON, E.C.4.

£500 AWARDED

in "John Bull" Crossword Competition No. 20.

CORRECT solutions in Crossword Competition No. 20 were received from the following two competitors, to each of whom, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £250 will be despatched.

Mrs. Bartlett, Rookwood, Midhurst, Sussex.

Mr. J. Johnson, 1, Park Street, Tyldesley, Nr. Manchester.

Another £500 X-Word appears on page 32.

Try Your Skill Now

PARENTHOOD:

DESIGN OR ACCIDENT?

A Manual of Birth Control
By MICHAEL FIELDING

Preface by **H. G. WELLS** *Five Diagrams*

"When the adult citizen has gone through these pages he or she will have all the mastery of his or her sexual self that knowledge can give."
From H. G. Wells' preface.

Paper 1s. Postage 1d. in 1s. Cloth 2s. 6d.

The Labour Publishing Co., Ltd., Dept. J.B. 37, 23, Great Ormond Street, London, W.C.1.

HANDSOME

TAPESTRY TABLE COVERS

Carriage Paid **3/6**

Job Lot of magnificent Table Covers in rich Tapestry designs, with handsome Floral Border to match, and deep fringe. Positively wonderful value! All new, clean and perfect goods. Size 56 x 56 ins. (not including fringe). Colours: Crimson Olive or Blue. Send Early! Money refunded if dissatisfied.

THE MANCHESTER MUTUAL TRADING ASSN., Ltd. 6 Green Mount, Plymouth Grove, MANCHESTER.

Closing Date Thursday (noon), August 1st.

Result of "John Bull" X-word No. 20 appears on page 31.

Carry Off JOHN BULL'S Big Must-be-Won X-Word Prize!

CARRY off this huge prize and wear the winner's £500 smile! Step lively and bag this little fortune by entering for JOHN BULL'S Square and Fair crossword. £500 must be won for skill at Crosswords. Take the high road to fortune to-day by filling up the Entry Forms below.

Solution of Puzzle will be published in JOHN BULL, on sale THURSDAY, AUGUST 8th. Winner will be given in JOHN BULL on sale, THURSDAY, AUGUST 15th.

A cool £500 waiting for you!

"JOHN BULL" will pay £500 for a correct solution, on one Form, of JOHN BULL Crossword No. 23, appearing below. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. Every reader has an equal opportunity—no competitor may send in more than one sixpenny double entry—entry fee Sixpence for TWO attempts. No claims required. No entries accepted after Thursday (noon), August 1st.

CLUES ACROSS.

1. An ox.
3. To conquer.
6. Made by hand.
8. To tease.
9. Swift animal.
10. Illuminant.
12. Repudiate.
14. A ball game.
19. A fish.
21. Serfs.
22. Hawker.
24. Prope's a boat.
25. Mis'ay.
26. Single item.
27. Murmuring sound.
28. Costly.

CLUES DOWN.

1. Farm building.
2. Horse's Movement.
4. Funeral oration.
5. Indian drum.
7. Unpleasant to the eye.
11. Mournful cry.
13. To seize.
15. Tanned hide.
16. Trifled.
17. Insects.
18. A fruit.
20. Fish spawn.
21. A vessel.
22. Pointed instrument.
23. Behind.

Chambers's 20th Century Dictionary and Nuttall's Dictionary were used in compiling this puzzle.

Rules and Conditions.

1. Fill in puzzle below **IN INK**, sign your name and write your address in BLOCK CAPITALS. Cut out coupon, place it with a Postal Order value sixpence in an envelope bearing a 1½d. stamp and post to—

"John Bull" Crosswords (No. 23), 37, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

so as to reach us not later than noon on Thursday, August 1st.

Entry **MUST** be sent by post.

2. Postal Orders must be made Payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and crossed —'& Co. /, and the date of sending the order, complete with the name and address of competitor, must be written on the back. The number of the Postal Order must be written in the space provided in the Entry Form. Stamps cannot in any circumstances be accepted.

3. No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for any coupon lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery, and no correspondence will be entered into.

4. In the event of a tie the prize will be divided between those competitors whose coupons are correct or contain fewest errors, but no competitor shall receive more than one share.

5. Mutilated or altered Entry Forms will be disqualified. Solutions must be complete and filled in on Entry Forms provided.

6. No competitor may send in more than the two solutions "A" and "B" provided for on the Entry Forms.

7. The correct solution of the puzzle is known only to the Editor and will be kept under seal until all entries have been received.

8. The result of this competition will be published in the issue of "John Bull" on sale **Thursday, August 15th.** Any competitor who claims to have sent in a solution which is identical with the published solution or contains as few errors as the competitor announced as the prize-winner may have a scrutiny by demanding the same by or before first post **Tuesday, August 20th,** on which date the prize-money will be dispatched and after which date no claims will be considered.

9. If such demand is found to be correct, the result will be amended accordingly and any competitor demanding a scrutiny must accept as final the result of such scrutiny as certified by the Editor.

10. Every request for a scrutiny must be made by Registered Letter only and must be accompanied by a remittance for £5, which will be returned to the competitor if his claim proves valid.

Requests for scrutiny must be addressed to:—

The Competition Editor,
"John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Envelopes should be marked "Scrutiny" in top left-hand corner. All applications must be accompanied by a copy of Entry Forms and number of Postal Order.

11. Entries for this competition must not be enclosed with "Bullets" entries or other correspondence addressed to "John Bull."

12. The Editor's decision is final and legally binding in all matters relating to this competition, and acceptance of this condition is an express condition of entry.

13. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd., and members of their families are not allowed to compete.

14. Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

CUT HERE

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 23

Entry Form "A"

23JB.

Do not separate these forms.

Entry Form "B"

23JB.

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and enclose 6d. P.O. No.....

These Entry Forms must not be separated, and a postal order for SIXPENCE must be enclosed to cover either one OR BOTH entries.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

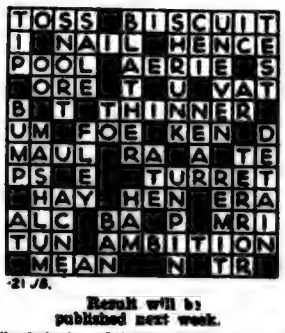
Closing Date Thursday (noon), August 1st.

CUT HERE

N.B.—Cut the above Form out complete.

CUT HERE

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 21



21JB.

Result will be published next week.

The Solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 21 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

The Blind SAMSON

A FEW weeks ago, Mr. Allan, after he had first had all his teeth taken out, underwent an operation to remove a cataract that had grown over his right eye.

When his wife saw him in the hospital afterwards she realised by his face that there was something terribly the matter, and was told by the house surgeon that her husband had unfortunately moved during the operation.

"You won't let them take my eye out"

"You won't let them take my eye out," he pleaded. But, as it turned septic, he had to lose it, in order to save the left eye, over which a cataract is also growing, and which must be operated on shortly.

So Mr. Allan, who spent four active years in France during the war, and who has been a labourer earning just on £3 a week, is dependent on his wife to lead him about.

His panel money is now reduced to 10s. a week, which is all they have to live on. Their son, who has a wife and child to keep on a small wage, helps with the rent of 8s. 9d. a week whenever he can.

It does not take a very vivid imagination to realise what this dependence upon others costs Mr. Allan. The doctors at the hospital do not hold out much hope of his ever being able to work again.

Until the Guardians decide to give him a little help, we are confident that our readers will take a neighbourly interest in this unfortunate man, who has difficulty in finding the necessary two shillings each week to enable him to attend the hospital as an out-patient until such time as the cataract from the left eye can be removed.

"The Greatest of These—" Fund is daily helping such sad cases as the above, and urgently asks readers of JOHN BULL to assist in its work of mercy.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities' Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to* THE HON. SECRETARY, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. *Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Mrs. Adeline Huxtable (Tunbridge Wells), 10s.; Hoping to Help, 1s.; M. S., 1s.; Miss Edwards (Marloes), 3s. 6d.; In His Name, 5s.; Regular Reader, 6d.; A Ninth from Ash Grove, 5s. 10d.; Grateful Reader, E. F., 2s.; One of the Least, 2s. 6d.; Anon. (Silverton), 2s. 6d.; Minnie, 10s.; Mary, 2s. 6d.; Irene (Seven Kings), 1s.; Redeemed Promise, 5s.; Just a Little, 1s. 6d.; Riviera, 10s.; 'Arriet and 'Liza, 3s.; E. W. M. (St. John's Wood), 2s.; Mr. Gorst (Birkenhead), 2s.; Mrs. Evelyn Wiles, 6d.; A Bulleteer, 9d.; A Friend, 5s.; Sad Dartmoor, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. J. Jones, 1s.; Every Little Helps, 5s.; T. L. Skinner (Reading), £4 10s.; Anon. (Sale), £1; Percy Vere Rance, 5s.; Mrs. S. Creed, 2s. 6d.; Jeff (Sheffield), 3s.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; Bill and Lott, 2s.; Every Little Helps (Sudbury), 10s.; Mr. H. Crossley (Mirfield), 1s.; Mrs. Dent (Birmingham), 1s.; J. E. Leather (Northwich), 1s.; Mr. P. Beveridge, 1s.; Anon. (Cardiff), 2s.; A. K. (Bradford), 2s. 6d.; Grateful Heart, 2s.; Sid, 6d.; "9.2," £2 2s.; In Memory W. J. A., 2s.; Managing Director, Chambers and Marsh, Ltd. (Oldbury), 10s. 6d.; Arch. Rashley, 1s.; Billie, 4½d.; Biddy, 6d.; Anon. (Newcastle-on-Tyne), 1s.; ?X, 10s.; N. J. M., 2s.; Mrs. A. E. Richards (Leeds), 6d.; John Menzies, 6d.

Parcels of clothing are gratefully acknowledged from: Mary (Yorks), Nellie Wallace, Mrs. King, Anon. (Herne Bay), Anon. (Woking), Mrs. Tonkin (pram and clothes), Mr. James (Golders Green), Mrs. Boxall, Ucalite, A. J. (Southampton), Mrs. Payne (Strood).

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

Is This a Record?

A record heat wave—record bathing dresses—record wickets—records on the race-track—records in the air. What a wonderful summer for records this is!

And now comes "The JOHN BULL Summer Annual" breaking all records for sales and smiles. Put down your sixpence in record time before all the copies have been snapped up.

Write to "John Bull" about it!

J. V. (Epsom).—"The lions remained quiet while I lit a cigarette in their cage." We think we know that brand of cigarette

F. R. (Bath).—"I don't like my dentist." Does he get on your nerves?

G. K. (Bury).—"I am very sorry for my neighbour." Then why don't you move?

F. J. (Dunoon).—"He married for sympathy." And got it from his friends?

J. T. (Chorley).—"I have a sound reason for leaving my husband." Does he snore?

P. T. (Halifax).—"I kissed her by surprise." How little you know of the feminine sex!

A. H. (Cookham).—"I don't trust people who stutter." Because they break their words?

J. D. (Morley).—"My wife's mother is studying to be a barrister." Fancy having a mother-in-law in law!

P. R. (Royston).—"Why are strawberries red?" They are probably blushing at the prices charged for them.

N. G. (Templeton).—"He plays the piano entirely by ear." That's nothing. Many a man fiddles with his moustache.

J. G. (Elstree).—"How can a farmer make money nowadays?" One method is to sell his farm to a golf club.

D. N. (Acton).—"A brick fell on his head, but it didn't even give him a headache." A hard nut to crack.

C. T. (Gillingham).—"It is foolish to worry while eating." But the only way to eat some steaks is by worrying them.

F. M. (London, S.).—"I have told the tradesmen that I can't pay my debts." Further outlook, unsettled.

H. A. (Nelson).—"My husband is a prolific inventor." Many husbands are prolific inventors—of excuses.

T. B. (Llanfairfechan).—"I have lived here for a long spell." You certainly seem to have got it.

J. T. (Fairlop).—"A mannequin shows a lot of dresses in an afternoon." And a lot of mannequin.

C. E. (Hertford).—"My motor-cycle hasn't a silencer." Why not take your wife on the pillion?

C. T. (Willesden).—"I have invented a sure cure for obesity." You should live on the fat of the land.

L. B. (Marlow).—"He sold them to me as Empire eggs, but they were very stale." Roman Empire eggs, perhaps.

F. M. (Grantham).—"I am one of those serious men who say just what they think." The strong, silent sort.

W. R. (Evesham).—"I take a pride in looking after the shop myself." It isn't every man who can mind his own business.

K. S. (Plymouth).—"I have suffered from rheumatism for over ten years." We're afraid you have had rather a stiff time.

T. H. (Moorgate).—"He said he made a fortune in a year by keeping poultry and cattle." Sounds like a cock-and-bull story.

T. R. (Radgworth).—"The post office should be run on up-to-date lines." A bargain sale of stamps would certainly be popular.

C. T. (Paddington).—"I wonder if you would like my articles better if they were typewritten?" Oh no. Then we would be able to read them.

V. L. (Marlow).—"What does New York's Statue of Liberty stand for?" Because it would look absurd lying down.

C. T. (London, S.).—"I am an unknown poet." You're wise; it's safer.

A. N. (Ely).—"The saxophone is a difficult instrument to play." It's certainly difficult to listen to.

F. D. (Esher).—"Every man, I think, believes in heredity." Until his son fails in his exams., of course.

C. E. (London, W.).—"What do you think of the talkies?" Some of them are a scream.

S. F. P. (Belfast).—"A dog soon gets to know its own master's whistle." But it doesn't necessarily follow.

H. S. (Snow Hill).—"Why has London so few statues to women?" Because we are a chivalrous people.

JOE (Kennington).—"My job is not very elevating." Try for one as a lift-boy—then you'll go up in the world.

MISS T. (Durham).—"There is a lot to be said for the modern skirt." At least it doesn't bag at the knees.

H. D. (Muswell Hill).—"When I feel done up, I know I want a holiday." When you feel done down, you know you've had it.

J. H. (Selby).—"I write all my MSS. while riding on the tops of 'buses." Another argument in favour of single-decked vehicles.

P. I. (Selsey).—"Why do some women smoke from morning till night?" Because they are asleep the rest of the time.

MRS. K. (Merthyr).—"How many animals go to the making of a fur coat?" None. They all have to be fetched.

H. M. (Repton).—"The hippopotamus often remains under water for five minutes." So should we if we had a face like that.

K. V. (Dulwich).—"I have invented an earthquake-recorder that goes off like an alarm-clock." What most people need is an alarm-clock that goes off like an earthquake.

MRS. G. (Hayle).—"Do you know of a home for toy-dogs suffering from nerves?" No, we are more interested in a home for nerves suffering from toy-dogs.

The EDITOR Replies

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

L. P. (Truro).—"Women's clothes go to extremes." But not to extremities.

K. L. (Sheen).—"Women weep less now." What is there left for them to cry for?

P. T. (Frome).—"We got acquainted through a bus accident." That's how you were thrown together.

L. P. (Plymouth).—It is a fact that singing is extremely beneficial in certain cases of deafness." And *vice versa*.

MRS. K. (Walton).—"What can I do with a daughter who plays tennis without stockings?" Give her socks.

T. R. (Dover).—"The safest thing to drive in is a heavy motor lorry." And the most dangerous thing to walk in is a reverie.

F. K. (Bath).—"Time stood still while I gazed in her eyes." Surely you didn't tell her that her face would stop a clock.

H. S. (Bangor).—"I know one man who has falsified his income-tax returns for the last ten years." How do you get away with it?

A. V. (Whitechapel).—"I returned home after ten years so prosperous that father did not recognise me." What did he take you for, the fatted calf?

P. J. F. (Minehead).—"The dress-reformers are right—we can well afford to lose the collar-stud." But not when we're already late for dinner.

G. L. (Staines).—"When buying a building site, the lie of the land must be considered." And so must the lie of the land agent.

B. Q. (Tilbury).—"Ten years ago I was told by a doctor that I could not live another month." Then why have you disobeyed his instructions?

F. H. (Dundee).—"The worst part of going to the seaside is the packing up beforehand." Win the "Bullets" 400 Guineas this week and you won't have any troubles to pack, anyway.

MRS. V. (Matlock).—"If couples exercised a little common-sense, many divorces would be prevented." And also many marriages.

O. L. (Shiplake).—"Is it not possible to have a play without a hero?" No, there is always the man who pays for his seat.

VERA K. (Seaford).—"I'm afraid he hasn't any money, but since I met him here he has taught me to swim beautifully." The question is, Can he keep his own head above water?

D. W. (Coventry).—"The £80 car is bound to come." But is it bound to go?

MRS. G. (Devonport).—"Flirtation turns woman into a mere butterfly." And marriage often makes her a wasp.

P. G. (Gateshead).—"Vegetable marrows are doing well this year." So strawberry jam should be cheaper.

D. F. (Ilford).—"My job is to make up jokes." Do you work in a beauty parlour?

S. R. (Brighton).—"Can you tell me how to make a peach cordial?" Send her some chocolate.

E. B. (Seacombe).—"An idea flashed through my head." Well, what was there to stop it?

J. L. (Plymouth).—"Will you tell me the rules of etiquette regarding bread at dinner?" You should never break your bread or roll in your soup.

M. P. (Tooting).—"A wave of pessimism always accompanies the birth of great truths." The same may be said of twins.

L. H. (Exeter).—"You never hear of women cashiers embezzling or running off with their employers' money." Not often; but when it does happen, they take the employer too.

B. L. (Windsor).—"My father claims that, as a young man, he once threw a half-crown across the Thames at Reading." Yes, but a half-crown went farther in those days.

D. P. (Burnley).—"Yours is the only paper I consider good enough for my poem." Thanks. And wouldn't it be nice if your poem was good enough for our paper?

(Many replies unavoidably he'd over.)

Side Slips

Examples of genuine unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Obvious printers' errors not wanted. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Slips."

HULL TIMES:—"The vicar proposed a vote of thanks to the CREAM SEPARATORS, CHURNS and DAIRY UTENSILS."

EMPIRE NEWS:—"He told his daughter that if she got into trouble he would KILL her and put her STRAIGHT AWAY INTO A HOME."

THE DAILY EXPRESS:—"As I came up I saw FIVE AMERICANS—FATHER, WIFE and DAUGHTER."

RIPON OBSERVER:—"Hammond was an excellent man and so was HIS WIFE."

THE DAILY MAIL:—"Such uncooked foods as SUGAR, JAM, MILK and BREAD are especially attractive to flies."

THE DAILY MAIL:—"Cochet took the service against Tilden and opened QUIETLY, but his placing was uncannily accurate and without once HITTING THE BALL he took the first game to love."

PICTURE PLAYHOUSE PROGRAMME:—"Romance of a Rogue.—Based on the novel by Ruby M. Ayres, showing how kindness and love can SOFTEN a revengeful HEAD."

ADVENTURE:—"Rip saw the hat wriggle between the legs of an old lady, who immediately fell into a fit AND SHOT DOWN A SIDE STREET."

WORLD'S PICTORIAL NEWS:—"He was found MURDERED by the TELEPHONE CALL of an unknown woman."

THE STAR:—"The wind suddenly ripped the tent UP from TOP TO BOTTOM."

GREENOCK TELEGRAPH:—"A venerable-looking old man was charged at Leeds yesterday with the theft of a HARROGATE HYDRO."

PEARSON'S WEEKLY:—"The only FOOD was a collection of BEER BOTTLES."

ADVENTURE:—"And sat there, his BOOTS AND SHOES off."

Heavy Browns

Brown Grain Leather uppers with a good steel Sole. Welted.

14/11

A man wants a "man's shoe." Here it is—strong and hefty — but comfortable and pliable to carry you many a mile. And there are miles of wear in every pair. Of course you expect to pay more for this class of shoe, but not when they are Benefits and you buy direct from the factory. Call at one of the 200 Benefit shops and see this wonderful shoe; or send p.c. to the Benefit factory for the free illustrated Catalogue of 25-50 Boots and Shoes for Men.

Buy Quality at a Benefit price

If no Benefit branch near you these shoes will be sent Post Free in U.K. (I.F.S., Colonies, & Foreign, Post Extra). Money refunded if not satisfied.

Public Benefit BOOT CO. LTD.

Factory: 185 ST. PAUL'S STREET, LEEDS

JADED NERVES REJUVENATED

PHOSFERINE wards off DEPRESSION NERVOUSNESS LASSITUDE

Mr. Sid Harmer, the world-famous Athlete and Record Holder, *writes*:—

"ALMOST everybody, athletic and otherwise, has experienced the time when they seem to be out of sorts. Those things that they could easily do before can now only be performed with a seemingly tremendous effort. The athletic tyro believes that he can overcome this condition by redoubling his efforts. The sensible man knows that when he reaches this stage he must rest. The rest in itself is a great tonic, but if allied with a course of Phosferine, the 'lay-off' is shortened, and the 'come-back' more complete. As a Physical Culture Consultant, I am convinced that exercise is the finest method of obtaining health and keeping fit. But there are those who "cannot" find time to exercise, and, moreover, have little or no faith in it. These are the people who are more frequently in a state of lassitude, nervousness and depression. Phosferine will ward off those attacks, and regenerate those jaded nerves." . . . . . 31, *Pomeroy Street, London, S.E.14.*

PHOSFERINE

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS FOR

Influenza	Neuralgia	Lassitude	Nerve Shock
Debility	Maternity Weakness	Neuritis	Malaria
Indigestion	Weak Digestion	Faintness	Rheumatism
Sleeplessness	Mental Exhaustion	Brain Fag	Headache
Exhaustion	Loss of Appetite	Anæmia	Sciatica

From Chemists. Tablets and Liquid.

The 3/- size contains nearly four times the quantity of the 1/3 size. Therefore you will save nearly 2/- by buying the larger size.

You should also buy PHOSFERINE HEALTH SALT —the Tonic Laxative—it *tones* as it cleanses!

Aldwych

GRAVES 'TRIUMPH' BARGAIN BALE

is the most amazing Quality and Value Offer ever put before the readers of this journal.

It includes the following superb quality goods:

One Pair WHITE FLEECY BLANKETS with Blue Borders. Warranted to wear and wash well. Whipped edges. Size 66 x 88ins. Weight 7lbs pair.

One Pair ALL WHITE FLEECY BLANKETS of excellent make and finish. Extremely durable. Whipped edges. Size 60 x 80ins. Weight 6lbs pair.

One Pair GREY BOLTON TWILL SHEETS of guaranteed quality. Hemmed and finished ready for use. Size 70 x 90ins Weight 4lbs pair.

A COLOURED ALHAMBRA QUILT of tasteful design, finished and hemmed ready for use. Size: 75 x 94ins.

A BLEACHED DAMASK TABLE CLOTH in a very handsome dice design, beautifully finished. Size 54ins square.

Two pure WHITE PILLOW CASES with flap and buttoned ends. Size 20 x 30ins.

A pure WHITE BOLSTER CASE to match. Size 20 x 60ins.

VERY IMPORTANT *By way of extra benefit, and to demonstrate that reliable Sheffield Cutlery is still the finest product of its kind in the World, we are including in the Graves 'TRIUMPH' Bargain Bale a 16-Piece Sheffield Cutlery and Plate Service for the use of four persons.*

The 16-PIECE SERVICE comprises 4 Knives of Stainless Sheffield Steel with keen edged blades and beautiful ivory-grained handles; 4 Dessert Size Forks, 4 Dessert Size Spoons, and 4 Tea Spoons of 'Columbian' Silver, an amalgam of metals which resists acid stains and wears perfectly white and silver-like all through.

Complete Bale (including the 16-piece Cutlery Service) Carriage Paid £3

TERMS. Our Bargain Price for the Graves "TRIUMPH" Bargain Bale is for Deferred Payments. Send 5/- now, & complete purchase in 11 Monthly Payments of 5/- if you are entirely satisfied with the Bale after inspection in your own home. Money back in full if in any way disappointed.

CATALOGUE of any of the following departments: Ladies' Fashions, Household Drapery, Footwear, Sheffield Cutlery, Cycles, Men's Wear, Gramophones, Records, Wireless Sets, Baby Cars, Carpets, Lino

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

An English river scene. Shouts of laughter and care free merriment sometimes have a dreadful sequel, as in the case of Mr. Roberts described below.

JOHN BULL *Bathing Tragedy* Pays £250

"HE was the strongest and healthiest of my sons," said Mr. Luke Roberts, a collier residing at Berwyn Villa, Queen Street, Cefn Mawr, when giving evidence on the death of Clifford Roberts who was drowned whilst bathing in the River Dee. The spot where he was drowned is known as Llewelyn's Pool, one of the most treacherous spots in the river.

A Cheque for £250 has been forwarded to the widow under "John Bull's" Great Free Insurance Gift.

Mr. Roberts was seen to swim across the river and climb a tree on the opposite bank. He then dived, a man's hands appeared above the water and then disappeared. In spite of many gallant attempts at rescue, Mr. Roberts was drowned.

Owing to lack of space, we give below the names of only a few who benefit this week.

Fire
Up to £400

BLOFIELD, NR. NORWICH.—Mrs. E. Whitebread, Blofield Corner.
CHALFORD, GLOS.—Mr. J. Mills, Coppice Hill, Rack Hill.
CHESHIRE.—Mrs. L. Lodge, 16, Oldfield Rd., Ellesmere Port.
EDMONTON, N.—Mr. W. T. Wade, 31, Warwick Rd., Silver Street.
FULHAM, S.W.6.—Mrs. D. Bielby, 17, Langford Road.
HEXHAM FERRERS, NORTHANTS.—M. S. Pinnock, 80, High Street.
LAISTERDYKE, BRADFORD.—Mrs. R. Thornton, 15, Harrison St.
LIVERPOOL.—Mr. F. Riozzie, 26a, Iliad Street.
MIDDLESBROUGH. — Mrs. C. McGurk, 85, Shakespeare St.
NEWPORT, MON.—Mrs. M. Maloney, 89, Dolphin Street.
PADIHAM, NR. BURNLEY.—Mr. M. Richardson, 5, Park Road.
PINHOE, DEVON.—Mr. B. Maunder, Blackall.
PORTSLADE, SUSSEX.—Mrs. M. Stanford, 12, Elm Road.
STAMSHAW, PORTSMOUTH.—Mrs. F. Goldstone, 7, Knox Road.

Sickness
£5 : 5 : 0 each

ABERAMAN, NR. ABERDARE.—Mr. G. Davies, 22, Station Road.
ARDWICK, MANCHESTER.—Mrs. E. Whitehead, 181, Rosherr St.
ASPULL, LANC.—Mrs. J. Ackersley, 4, Seddons Yard.
DOVER.—Mr. I. D. Deverson, 23, High Street.
FRESTON, BOSTON.—Mrs. E. C. Young, Haltoft End.
LEWES, SUSSEX. — Mrs. E. Streeter, 23, South Street.
NORTH SHIELDS, NORTHUMBERLAND.—Mrs. E. Mason, 3, Appleby Street.
PADDINGTON, W.9.—Mrs. E. Bowden, 32, Great Western Rd.
NR. ROCHESTER, KENT.—Mrs. I. E. Clark, Villa Road, Mid Higham.
RUTHERGLEN.—Mrs. M. Higgins, 86, Cambuslang Road.
SALTAIRE, YORKS.—Mr. R. Free, 35, George Street.
SHOTTON COLLIERY, CO. DURHAM. —Mr. J. Raine, 21, Sheraton St.
STAVELEY, CHESTERFIELD.—Mr. Fred Smith, 56, Old Cotts., Poolsbrook.

Home Accidents
£2 per week

ALPHINGTON, NR. EXETER.—Mr. W. J. Little, Scanes Cott., Ide Lane.
BLYTH, NORTHUMBERLAND.—Mrs. A. Andrews, 24, Disraeli Street.
BOLSOVER, NR. CHESTERFIELD.—Mrs. S. A. Robinson, 54, Shuttlewood Road.
W. DERBY, LIVERPOOL.—Mrs. A. Turner, 45, Liddell Road.
EARLSFIELD, S.W.18.—Mrs. J. Gilbert, 48, Vanderbilt Road.
GLASGOW, W.1.—Mrs. A. J. Paterson, 3, Mauldslie Street.
HINDLEY, NR. WIGAN.—Mrs. M. Smith, 7, Gennel Side, Castle Hill.
JARROW-ON-TYNE.—Mrs. M. E. Hood, 3, Wylam Street.

HOLIDAYS: To remain qualified for the benefits, readers are reminded that it will be necessary to show that they purchased "John Bull" whilst away, and that before leaving they instructed their newsagents to reserve the regular weekly delivery immediately on their return.

"JOHN BULL" PROVIDES FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, SICKNESS, ACCIDENT & CHILDREN'S BENEFITS.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL
***Hand* this Coupon to your newsagent.**

To (name of Newsagent) .....
Address .....
.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....
Address .....
Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B., 27/7/29.

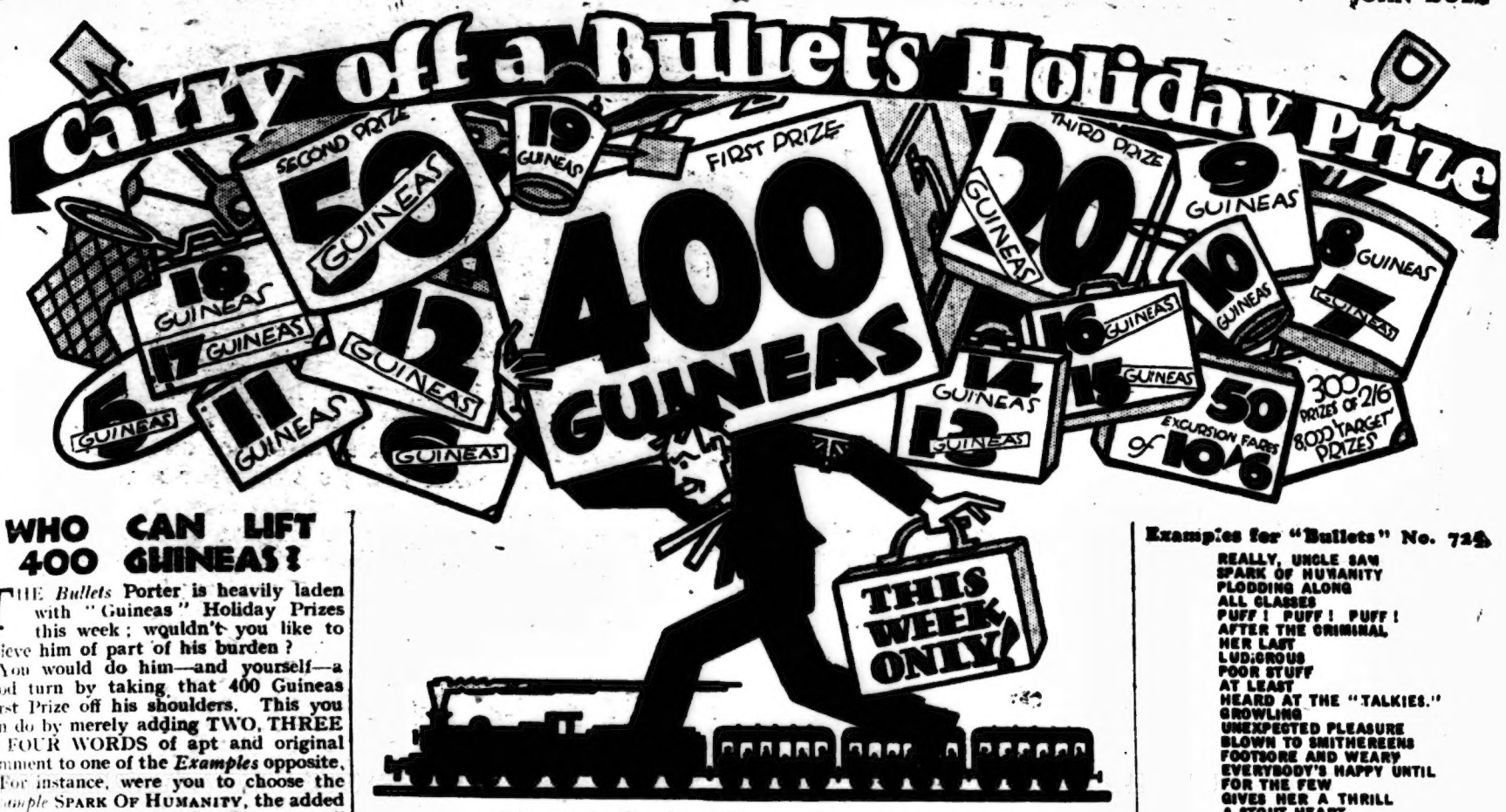
CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to
"John Bull," Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.
Age .....
Address .....
.....
.....
Name and address of Newsagent .....
.....
.....
Date .....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. **PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.** J.B., 27/7/29.



WHO CAN LIFT 400 GUINEAS?

THE *Bullets* Porter is heavily laden with "Guineas" Holiday Prizes this week; wouldn't you like to relieve him of part of his burden?

You would do him—and yourself—a good turn by taking that 400 Guineas First Prize off his shoulders. This you can do by merely adding TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS of apt and original comment to one of the *Examples* opposite.

For instance, were you to choose the *Example* SPARK OF HUMANITY, the added words OFTEN PREVENTS AN "EXPLOSION" would complete a *Bullet*.

A study of the winning *Bullets* on this page, which have won big Holiday Prizes for wide-awake readers, will prove helpful. But remember, you have only until August 3rd to carry off one of these big Holiday Prizes.

"Bullets" Bulletin.

Any reader may obtain a free copy of "Bullets Bulletin," our new help for competitors, by forwarding halfpenny stamped addressed envelope. Sixpenny P.O. crossed and made payable to "JOHN BULL," brings 13 issues post free. Address: "Bulletin Dept.," "JOHN BULL," Long Acre, W.C.2.

Advance details for "Bullets" Competition No. 726.

First Prize, £1,000—Second, £100—Third, £50—20 "Holiday Prizes" of £10—25 Prizes of £1—50 of 10/-, 500 of 2/6—10,000 "Target" Prizes.

On Life's Switchback—Not Wanted—Shows It's British—Smart Captive—Often—Spells For Democracy—Thorny Path—Man With A Future—Houses—Heaven Help Us If I Have Husband—Cornered—Bursting The Bonds—Beneath Her—Through Thick And Thin—Nobody Minds—We May Laugh, But Brutal—Without Success—Heard Too Often An Extra—To The Moneylender—Giant's Task—They're On Holiday, So—Already—Mistake Of My Life—Something Slipped And—Burden Of Work—Please, Mrs. Landlady—Honours Even—Leaving Troubles Behind—Saved From Disaster—Not Worth Twopence—Makes All The Difference—Our Hope—Mother Of Parliaments—Serving His Apprenticeship—Wanted By The Police—Guiding Hand—Why Motors Called "She."

Closing Saturday, August 17th)

£3,895 Cash Won this Week!

FIRST PRIZE OF £3,000 "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 721.

Miss E. N. SHELSON, 41, Sinclair Road, London, W.

Example:—TO THE SEA

Bullet:—BRITON TAKES—BRITAIN GIVES.

(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE OF £200:

Mr. H. ASHTON, Willowdene, Sective Road, Alverthorpe, Wakefield.

Example:—SPIRIT OF HATRED

Bullet:—"BAD BLOOD" SIEDDING GOOD.

THIRD PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. W. ENGLAND, 1, Rushdale Road, Sheffield.

Example:—REAL PROGRESS

Bullet:—"FIRST STOP" MARS.

20 HOLIDAY PRIZES OF £6 EACH:

A. AMPS, Benwick Road, Whittlesey, Cambs.
HUMAN BEINGS—"SLIPPING" BECAUSE ROAD'S "ROUGH."

Mrs. M. A. AXTEN, Office Cottage, Iron Works Road, Gartcosh, Glasgow
HUMAN BEINGS—INDUSTRIAL CONFERENCE'S MUTUAL DISCOVERY.

A. P. DOWN, 99, Stratford Road, Birmingham.
IDEAL WOMAN—UTOPIA'S QUEEN.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

J. FREAR, 7, Alex. Ward, Charing Cross Hospital, W.C.
IDEAL WOMAN—GOOD MANAGER—BUT MANAGEABLE.

O. HALL, 1, Arnold Street, Warrington, Lancs.
QUITE ALL RIGHT—BUILDING *Health* ON SANDS.

E. HEATON, 40, Lilac Grove Street, Laisterdyke.
RAMSAY MACDONALD—STEERING SHIP, REMEMBERING "STEERAGE."

Miss M. HOLT, 33, Collingwood Road, Levenshulme, Quiet Life—Disarmament Including Neighbour's "Batteries."

G. HUMPHREYS, 37, Nebo Street, Bolton.
REAL PROGRESS—WHEN "ONE-WAY" *World*.

D. LAIDLAW, 73, Madison Street, Manchester.
LEAN TIMES—MENTIONED—MEMBERS SEEK DINING-ROOM.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

O. MASON, 10, Ashford Road, Maid-tone.
THE DEATH PENALTY—"RELEASE" FEW MURDERERS DESERVE.

G. OLDHAM, 35, Lower Brook Street, Long Eaton.
IDEAL WOMAN—HOME REFLECTS, NOT MIRROR.

E. PORTER, 279, Pinner Road, Harrow.
JUST—MARRIED—OTHERS SMILING TOO.

G. J. READEY, 22, Alfred Street, Wavertree, Liverpool.
CASTLE IN THE AIR: DESCENDS WHEN "HOUSE RISES."

Miss M. STEADMAN, 39, Bingley Road, Anfield, Liverpool.
THE COMMON PEOPLE—UNDER-DOGS TILL BRITAIN'S "WORRIED."

S. TAYLOR, 189, Haldane Road, East Ham, E.
SUNSHINE OF PROSPERITY—OFTEN DULLS "STAR'S" BRILLIANCE.

H. THOMPSON, 41, Woodbine Grove, Idle, Bradford.
TO THE SEA—FISH RETURNED—PUBLIC "CAUGHT."

Mrs. M. TODD, 49, Monsall Street, New Bastord.
PARLIAMENTARY CRICKET—PLAYERS DOZING, NOT ONLOOKERS.

B. WARD, 38, Hill Street, Middlesbrough.
MISSING A LOT—BACHELOR—BUT ESCAPING MORE.

G. W. WHITE, 8, Tyne Road, Bristol.
PARLIAMENTARY CRICKET—"FOUR HUNDRED" FOR NOUGHT.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

J. WILSON, 6, Bothwell Street, Edinburgh.
LEAN TIMES—INDUSTRY "EATING UP" CAPITAL.

A list of 50 Holiday prize-winners of £5 each will be published in "Bullets" Bulletin, a copy of which will be sent to all prize-winners. A list of 50 10/- and 2,000 2/6 prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "JOHN BULL."

ALL PRIZES HAVE BEEN POSTED.

Examples for "Bullets" No. 725

REALLY, UNCLE SAW
SPARK OF HUMANITY
PLODDING ALONG
ALL GLASSES
PUFF! PUFF! PUFF!
AFTER THE CRIMINAL
HER LAST
LUDICROUS
POOR STUFF
AT LEAST
HEARD AT THE "TALKIES."
GROWLING
UNEXPECTED PLEASURE
BLOWN TO SMITHEREENS
FOOTSORE AND WEARY
EVERYBODY'S HAPPY UNTIL
FOR THE FEW
GIVES HER A THRILL
A STOUT HEART
AN OLD JOKE
RENT
IN HIS EARLY DAYS
BUBBLING OVER
NO MAN
STERN NECESSITY
SAVING AND SPENDING
TAKING HIS COAT OFF
WON'T DO
PUZZLES THE FOREIGNER
STARTING LIFE AFRESH
MUST BE AN OPTIMIST
"LET 'EM ALL COME!"

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.

Cheques for £8, £2, and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagent from whom the winners of the first three "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 725 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

Example _____ **Closing SATURDAY, August 3.**
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(725) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Use Two, Three, or Four words. Enter name and address on each coupon.

Example _____ **Closing SATURDAY, August 3.**
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(725) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ **Closing SATURDAY, August 3.**
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(725) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

If You wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Example _____ **Closing SATURDAY, August 3.**
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(725) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

Address Coupons:—"Bullets" No. 725, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

Mrs Hall finds a remedy for INDIGESTION

A recent photograph of Mrs Hall who says:—
"I only need to take one (Cicfa Tablet) a day now to keep right"
See letter below

87, Albert Road, Devonport.
Feb. 25/29.

DEAR SIRS,

I feel I must write and tell you how valuable I have found Cicfa tablets in curing me of Wind and Indigestion, for which I tried all sorts of remedies without relief, until last July when advised to try Cicfa tablets. I only need to take one a day now to keep me right.

Have just had a letter from a relation of mine to whom I wrote recommending them, and she says she must admit she feels heaps better already since taking them.

You may use this letter to any purpose, and I shall never forget to recommend your wonderful Cicfa tablets.

Yours truly, (Signed) Mrs. L. HALL.

Mrs. Hall is typical of thousands who try all sorts of so-called remedies and almost give up hope when, suddenly, they hear of

CICFA

THE PROVED REMEDY FOR INDIGESTION

Indigestion causes Acidity, Heartburn, Wind-Rising, sharp Neuralgic Headaches, poor Complexion, Biliousness, Flatulence and Constipation.

THE REASON WHY CICFA NEVER FAILS to relieve those symptoms is because it supplies the Digestive Ferments which Nature must have to digest the Albuminous food in the Stomach and the Starchy food in the Bowel, with consequent restoration to natural action of those functions which are the basis of robust health.

Thousands of British Doctors have taken up CICFA, and hundreds of them have written us of the satisfactory results they have obtained by its use upon themselves, in their families and in practice.

SOLD EVERYWHERE PRICE 1/3 and 3/-

TEST CICFA FREE

Send your name and address with this coupon and a 1½d. stamp for postage, and receive a liberal sample of this wonderful

CICFA

Only one sample to each family.

THE CICFA COMPANY, 8, Duke St., Manchester Square, London, W 1

JOHN BULL 27/7/29

"JOHN BULL'S" GUARANTEE.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee. All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test, which have been approved by our experts, are marked— In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona fides of all advertisements in "John Bull."

Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

THE EFFECT OF SUN-GLARE And the "WEEK-END" HEADACHE, BOTH YIELD TO ASPRO

ASPRO DOES NOT HARM THE HEART

Many a week-end—many a holiday—is spoilt by having a surplus of good things, all at the one time Maybe you have not been able to get out in the sun for some time; then you go away for a week-end, and revel in it. As a result, unlooked-for discomfiture often arises, generally in the form of a sun-glare headache, which spoils your outing. In future you can fortify yourself against these unpleasant conditions by keeping a packet of 'ASPRO' handy—for 'ASPRO' will banish the headache within five minutes, dispel the nervous strain due to the rapid change in conditions, and enable you to enjoy to the fullest your period of relaxation. Why not try a packet of 'ASPRO' this week-end and prove it?

READ THIS LIVING TESTIMONY:

HYDE PARK CHEMIST RECOMMENDS 'ASPRO' FOR SUN-GLARE HEADACHES

Dear Sirs, 27th April, 1929.

Permit me to take this opportunity of telling you how satisfied I am with 'ASPRO' sales. I recommend it extensively to all my customers, as indeed do all my four assistants, and we have yet to find a dissatisfied customer or a case in which the desired relief from pain has not been obtained.

Our close proximity to Hyde Park has brought us experience that has taught us that 'ASPRO' is very well recommended for headaches caused by sun-glare, and for the normal day-tripper's headache. In fact, we confidently recommend 'ASPRO' in all those cases where the use of aspirin is indicated, and particularly in those cases where ordinary aspirin is not well tolerated.

Faithfully yours,
THE MARBLE ARCH PHARMACY.

SLEEPLESSNESS AND VIOLENT HEADACHES GO

39, Westminster Road,
Ellesmere Port,
Wirral. 30/10/28.

Dear Sirs,

I feel it my duty to write to you about the benefit I have derived from your wonderful tablets. They have been a godsend to me, as I have been a sufferer from sleeplessness and violent headaches for years. I was also unable to walk any great distance, but after one month's course of 'ASPRO' I feel a new woman. I began to find relief from the first. I have recommended them to a great many people here and other places, confident that they will find the relief from pain marvellous.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) JULIA SMITH.

NURSE'S TRIBUTE COULD NOT TAKE ASPIRIN 'ASPRO' SUCCEEDS NO ILL-EFFECTS

Dear Sir, Tooting, S.W.17.

My Mother suffers from Rheumatism at different times, and has done so this last few weeks. She would never take Aspirins, but I have persuaded her to try the 'ASPRO,' and they have certainly eased the pain.

I myself have very bad headaches at times, and cannot take Aspirins because I have had several operations during the last few years and my heart is not quite strong yet, but I took some 'ASPRO' yesterday and it did not adversely affect me at all.

Thanking you, Yours truly,
NURSE B——

EVEN A CHILD CAN TAKE 'ASPRO.'

Two simple methods of giving 'ASPRO' to the kiddies are: (a) with a little milk; or (b) break the tablet up and administer in a teaspoonful of jam. The dosage is: Children 3 to 6 years, ¼ tablet; 6 to 14 years, ½ tablet; 14 to 18 years, ¾ tablets. 'ASPRO,' like every other medicine, should not be given to babies under 3 years of age without medical advice.

'ASPRO' BRINGS DEFINITE RELIEF IN 5 TO 10 MINUTES FOR

HEADACHES
INFLUENZA
COLDS
NEURALGIA
RHEUMATISM
NEURITIS
GOUT
PAINS PECULIAR TO WOMEN
NERVE SHOCK
SLEEPLESSNESS
LUMBAGO
IRRITABILITY
ALCOHOLIC AFTER-EFFECTS
HAY FEVER

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetyl Salicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.

Agents: GOLLIN & CO., PTY. LTD. ('Aspro' Dept.), SLOUGH, BUCKS
Telephone: SLOUGH 608.

No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.

ASPRO

3D. 6D. 1/3 2/6

PER PACKET

The cheapest way to buy 'ASPRO' is the 2/6 packet. It contains 60 tablets, equivalent to 3/- worth of 'ASPRO' for 2/6.

ALL LEADING CHEMISTS AND STORES, INCLUDING BOOTS — TAYLORS — TIMOTHY WHITES — SQUIRES — NEEDHAMS, ETC., STOCK AND DISPLAY 'ASPRO.'

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